JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 24, 1927 Vol. XLII. No. 1110.

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

FORTY £12 CHEQUES FOR REGISTERED READERS

SEE PAGE 2.

A Wireless message to you

The great Wireless opportunity of the Year.

• •

Will show you how to get 5 G B on your set.

• •

Wonderful B.B.C. Exhibit.

• •

The latest developments in Wireless.

• •

Sets for the Million or the Millionaire.

• •

Every Stand packed with interest.

• •

The Royal Air Force Band in attendance.

• •

Dancing on specially prepared floor.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

Protection for the Home!

"JOHN BULL'S" Great Free Insurance Gift provides wonderfully comprehensive Home Benefits, covering as it does FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS and ACCIDENTS IN THE HOME. Make your home a *protected home* by registering for "John Bull's" Free Insurance.
This week we announce the payment of 40 cheques of £12 each on account of Home Accidents and also a cheque for £125 for loss of eye.

£12 Mrs. S. Maddock, 37, King Edmund Street, Dudley, Worcs.
£12 Mrs. A. R. Mitchell, 279, Elm Grove, Brighton.
£12 Mrs. T. J. Trotman, 5, Craig Road, Gwaun-cae,Gurwan, Glam.
£12 Mrs. H. B. McKinn, 287, Thistle Street Glasgow, S.8.
£12 Mrs. N. H. Myara, 20, Abbey Road, Kirkstall, Leeds.
£12 Mrs. A. Shepherd, 14, Brewery Street, Barrow-in Furness.
£12 Mrs. A. McCormack, 76, Garlingwark Street, Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbrightshire.
£12 Mrs. J. A. Carter, 13 Trothy Road Bermondsey, S.E.1.
£12 Mr. L. Macaulay, 19, Dunvegan Street, Barrow-in-Furness.
£12 Mrs. W. H. Noblet, 56, Scotland Street, Newton Heath, Manchester.
£12 Mrs. E. Blight, 77, Derbyshire Street, Bethnal Green, E.2.
£12 Mr. H. M. D. Hutchesson, 23, The Towers, Grand Avenue, Worthing.
£12 Mrs. E. M. McGregor, 43, Macdonal Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea.
£12 Miss E. Hardaker, Hardaker Lane, Moor Top, Ackworth, Pontefract.
£12 Mrs. J. L. Watling, 4, Turret Buildings, Turret Lane, Ipswich.
£12 Mrs. F. Meakin, 51, Broom Street, Crewe.
£12 Mrs. M. Haggarty, 6, X 18 Street, Bowhill, Cardenden, Fife.
£12 Mrs. S. Broadley, Bridge House, Stratford Bridge, Yorks.
£12 Mrs. S. Shaw, 42, Cathcart Street, St. Anns Hall Road, Nottingham.
£12 Mr. L. Tegan, 14, Potter Street, Bury, Lancs.

£125

PAID THIS WEEK FOR LOSS OF EYE

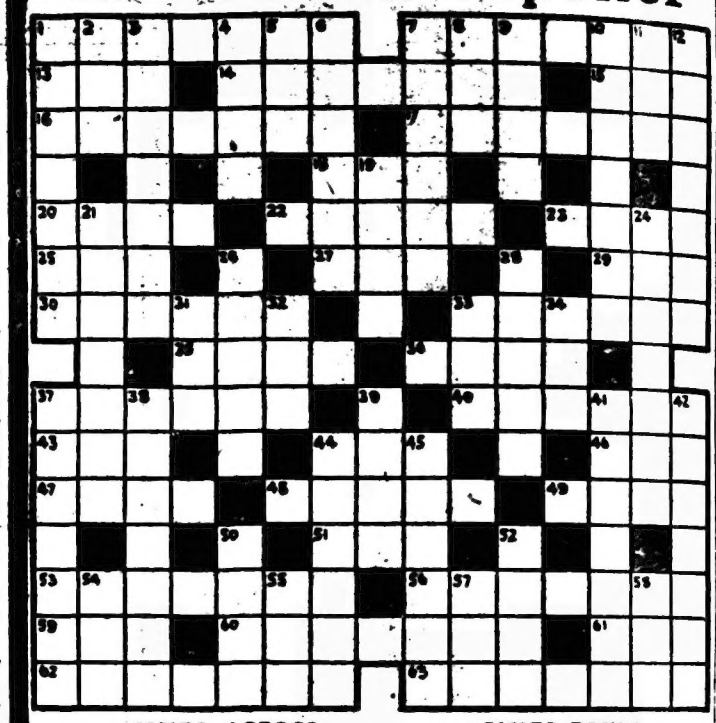
Mr. W. H. Dyer, The Anchorage, Reydon, Southwold, Suffolk, was chopping wood, when a piece flew up, striking him in the eye, blotting out the sight for ever. "John Bull" has sent him a cheque for £125. He writes:

"Thanks very much for cheque. I think myself very lucky, being one of your registered readers."

£12 Mrs. R. E. Reeve, 33, Station Road, Southwold, Suffolk.
£12 Mrs. R. Briggs, 42, Pennington Street, Walshaw, Nr. Bury.
£12 Mr. J. Nicholson, 3, Villiers Place, Chester-le-Street, Durham.
£12 Mrs. E. A. Richards, 2, Riverside Place, Barry, Glam.
£12 Mrs. J. Heyes, 39, Crawford Village, Upholland, Nr. Wigan.
£12 Mrs. M. Ife, 98, Horns Road, Newbury Park, Ilford.
£12 Mrs. E. C. Miller, 5, Horne Terrace, Edinburgh.
£12 Mrs. E. Pratt, 14, Ark Terrace, The Lanes, Pudsey, Nr. Leeds.
£12 Mr. J. S. Howarth, 1, Oldham Road, Springhead, Nr. Oldham, Lancs.
£12 Mrs. P. E. Bowden, 43, Lucknow Street, Portsmouth.
£12 Mrs. M. A. Ferguson, 64, Little Frances Street, Newtownards, Co. Down, Ireland.
£12 Mrs. M. E. Haworth, 6, Iron Street, Blackburn.
£12 Mrs. O. M. Price, 38, Field Way, Wavertree, Liverpool.
£12 Mr. T. Alfred, 14, Nicholls Street, Stoke-on-Trent.
£12 H. F. Oselton, Longy Lines, Alderney, C.I.
£12 T. Ford, South View, Hallatrow, Road, Paulton, Nr. Bristol.
£12 Mrs. M. McEwan, 4, Mayford Square, Cambusbarron.
£12 Mrs. M. L. Conway, 28, Southern Terrace, Mutley, Plymouth, Devon.
£12 Mrs. J. Tagg, 137, The Crescent Woodlands, Nr. Doncaster.
£12 Mrs. D. A. Stevens, 45, Howe Street, Curzon Street, Birmingham.

Our Cross-Word Corner

A Wit Sharpener



CLUES ACROSS.

1. To make steady.
7. To stutter.
13. Crude mineral.
14. A big one.
15. An age.
16. Scottish county.
17. Wall of a fort.
18. Consumed.
20. Employed.
22. Wide.
23. Worshipped image.
25. Lethal weapon.
27. Bad one.
29. Day before.
30. To this place.
33. Discordant.
35. Responsibility.
36. Inland water.
37. Noiseless.
40. Kentish river.
43. Poem.
44. Sorrowful.
46. Terror.
47. 2 Gallons.
48. To contract
49. Space.
51. Human organ.
53. Utter.
56. Capital of Assyrian Empire.
59. Knight.
60. To go back by the same way.
61. Female sheep.
62. Muscle cords.
63. Withdrew.

CLUES DOWN

1. Town with a corporation.
2. Part of verb "to be."
3. Merciful.
4. Crooked.
5. Personal pronoun.
6. In the direction of.
7. To stretch.
8. Beverage.
9. One of the Services.
10. A winding course.
11. Stray.
12. Annoyed.
19. A ramble.
21. Self-destruction.
24. To restrain by fear.
26. A dye.
28. Possessed.
31. To weed.
32. Groove.
33. Conserve of fruit and sugar.
34. A colour.
37. A captious reasoner.
38. Church reading-desk.
39. The rubber port.
41. A song-bird.
42. Longed for.
44. Bedclothes.
45. Indian ceremony.
50. Gambling game.
52. Aid.
54. Neckwear.
55. X.
57. High card.
58. To be indebted.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on page 28

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of John Bull. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....Age.....
in full. (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date..... .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 24.9.27.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve John Bull for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date..... .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 24.9.27.

JOHN BULL Pen Coupon—Value 2/-

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/6 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 3d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

John Bull's Wonderful Pen Offer!

"More than pleased. Really worth half a guinea." M. W. Hales, 4, Swinburne Gardens, Tilbury.

The "John Bull" Pen fitted with 14 ct. Solid Gold Nib iridium tip worth 15/-
2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil with refills FREE 2/6
TOTAL VALUE 17/6
You send Six Coupons and P.O. for 4/- (plus 3d. postage and insurance) 4/-

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.
Name engraved in Gold on Pen 6d. extra.

YOU SAVE 13/6

2/6 'EVERPOINTED' PENCIL FREE

Well begun is half done

Rinso

Rinso

When you start washday with Rinso you can see your way through to a happy finish.

The beauty of Rinso is that it washes YOUR way; there are no hard and fast rules that you *must* follow; and WHAT marvellous results you get!

Rinso is made to save you trouble.

Rinso washes every way
COLD or HOT or BOILING

R. S. HUDSON, LIMITED
LIVERPOOL, WEST BROMWICH AND LONDON

R 254-109

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A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain Hunters

WHEN SENDING
Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL

PAY FOR YOUR NEW SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

and have the smartest one possible made in the new 1927 cloth that always looks and wears well. Pay 7/6 down and balance monthly until you have paid in all **52/6**

These are not Ready-Made Suits altered to fit you, but EACH ONE IS CUT & MADE TO YOUR OWN MEASUREMENTS. Money refunded if not satisfied.

Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns & Self-measurement Form.

Established 25 years.

J. B. THORNE & Co
36 LANCHAM ST, LONDON, W.1.

CATESBY'S CORK LINO

To beautify the floor of a room you cannot do better than cover it with Catesbys Cork Lino. This you can have cut to exact size—with patterns made to match at joins. Catesbys Lino needs no scrubbing to keep bright, is hygienic, durable and inexpensive. Write for free sample of quality, design book and complete details of cash and easy terms.

Catesbys Ltd.
Dept. K19, Tottenham Ct. Rd.
LONDON, W.1.

SPARE TIME EMPLOYMENT.

A STATEMENT.

By Messrs. Geo. A. Carter & Son.

The earnest seeker of genuine spare time employment is so often tricked by "fee-snatchers," that a plain straightforward statement seems necessary to introduce The "Dinkie" Agency to JOHN BULL readers. The scheme is novel, yet almost everybody buys. The work appeals to either sex, and it can be operated in almost any locality, either in spare or whole time. No experience or special knowledge is necessary. Profits are big (50 per cent.). Let us send you the whole outfit **Free of Cost** and without obligation, ready to earn you money the moment you receive it. Hundreds are making £3 to £5 per week—why not YOU. It costs nothing to investigate this genuine offer—just a p.c. with your name and address and Messrs. Geo. A. Carter & Son, Dept. J.B., 25, North Street, Bedminster, Bristol, will send you everything gratis and post free. Write Now!—(ADVT.)

This 3 Speed Cycle FREE

Send a postcard for details of how to obtain this B. & C. Cycle absolutely.

AT NO COST TO YOU

The famous B. & C. All-British Special 3-Speed Model Guaranteed 20 years. Fitted Sturmey Archer 3-Speed Gear. Hutchinson Super Cord Tyres, Coventry Roller Chain, B.S.A. Bottom Bracket, Brampton Hubs, 3-coil Spring Saddle, and our own special rust-proof frame, with usual parts heavily nickel-plated. A number of these wonderful Machines are being given away ABSOLUTELY FREE, and you may be fortunate enough to secure one of these Models. Send for full particulars from Dept. J.41.

THE BIRMINGHAM & COVENTRY CYCLE CO.
SOUTHAMPTON.

earn money at home like this

working for us with an IMPERIA KNITTER. No experience is necessary. We guarantee to buy your work at good rates or you can sell to private customers and start a business of your own. Knit anything from costumes to socks. Write now for Free Illustrated Book and our Work Buying Guarantee. IMPERIA HOSIERY MFG. Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 97, Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.1

Mrs. F. earned nearly £3 a week working for us at home in her SPARE TIME making socks, stockings, etc.

The Hopper

MADE IN ENGLAND

CASH from £5-5-0
TERMS - 12/6 monthly

AGENTS EVERYWHERE

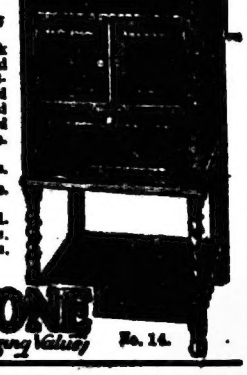
Est. 1880

write for lists:-

P.O. 67 ST MARY'S WORKS, BARTON-on-HUMBER, ENG.

5-17-6

Carriage Paid U.K.
or £1 down and 11 monthly instalments of 9/11.
Beautifully finished Oak with famous Collard DOUBLE SPRING 3-record Motor, improved sound box and tone arm, and entirely new Metal Sound Chamber. Perfect tone, great volume.
Send NOW for Free Lists.
CABINET GRAMOPHONE Co. (Dept. J.B.7)
78 Camden Rd., London, N.W.1.
also 140, High St., N.E.Ham, 41, George St., Croydon.



Improved FULLTONE
The Gramophone of Amazing Value No. 14.

SUITS 1/6

To Measure for
From 22/6 WEEKLY

Order your clothes from a reliable firm of experts (established over half a century). We can submit a most comprehensive range of patterns for suits, etc., comprising the latest shades in Derby Tweeds, Worsteds, Whipcords, Serges, etc., and guarantee you a correct fitting suit perfectly tailored, and delivered free within seven days. Send for latest style pattern book and self-measurement form. Breeches, Overcoats, Flannels, etc., also supplied.

BOYS' SUITS AND SPORTS WEAR ALSO ON EASY PAYMENTS.

THE "B. & C." CO.,
Universal Providers,
Dept. J/11, SOUTHAMPTON.

FURS

WHY PAY WEST END FANCY PRICES? BUY YOURS AT WHOLESALE PRICE AND

Save 50% of Cost.

This Beautiful Natural Fox Tie, complete with fine mounted head as sketch, sent for 2/- deposit, balance 2/- weekly or 4/- fortnightly, whichever suits you, till 20/- is paid. CASH PRICE 19/-. Satisfaction or Money Back. Similar bargains in Fur Coats, Collars & Cuffs, all fure, various shades, supplied on easy terms. HAMPTON & CO. (Dept. J.B.) 113-115 Borough High Street, London, S.E.1.

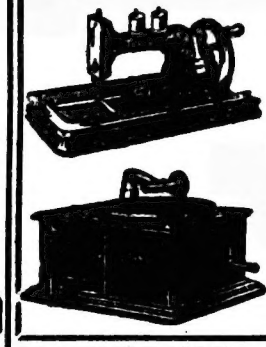
SEND NOW FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BARGAIN LIST

SEND 2/- ONLY

TRYER BARGAINS

ON EASY TERMS

Delivered carriage paid on receipt of



Sewing Machines	Cash	Dep.
Frams	£2/8	4/-
Bedsteads	£7/-	5/-
Mangles	£3/8	4/-
Gramophones	£7/6	5/-
Bicycles	£5/-	5/-
Juvenile Cycles	£9/-	9/-
Dolls' Prams	£2/8	5/-
	10/6	3/6

Money refunded if not satisfied.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR CATALOGUE.

TRYER & CO., LTD. (Dept. J.B. 43), 60, CHISWELL ST., LONDON, E.C.1.

BIGGEST VALUE IN FLOOR COVERING

NOTE NEW LOW PRICES

72 SQ. FT. for 15/-

TRIUMPH THAN LINOLEUM.

Waterproof, Rotproof and Sanitary. For either Brick, Stone, Concrete or Wood Floors. Being Stainless, a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. In rolls containing 72 square feet for 15/-. Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls are two yards wide.

Send for Free Samples.

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS, 80, Carter Street, London, S.E.17

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The World's Biggest Bicycle Bargain £4/4/-

BRADSHAW

Guaranteed: Frame 22in., 24in., 26in. Heavily plated Dunlop Rims. Beautifully lined "Rustproof" Frame with 4 coats enamel. Ball-bearing Free Wheel, Double Lever Roller Brakes. Guaranteed for 20 years. British made throughout. Carriage paid

ONLY 8d. a DAY

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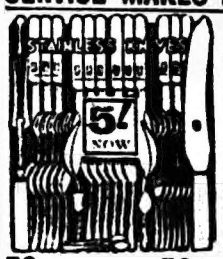
BRADSHAW STORES LTD
Dept 4, NORTHAMPTON.

THE GRAVES STAINLESS CUTLERY SERVICE MAKES FOOD ATTRACTIVE.



A good Meal deserves a good Knife and Fork.

WORLD'S FINEST VALUE.

1 pr D'ble Shear Steel Carvers Ivorette handles, 6 Stainless Tble Knvs, and 6 Stainless Dessert Knives, Ivory grained handles. Blades can be sharpened to razor-like edge. 2 Tble Spns, 6 Dessrt Spns, 6 Tea Spns, 6 Egg Spns, 6 Tble Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1pr Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spoon, 1 Salt Spoon, all of Columbian Silver which is always white

Write for Catalogue.

50 PIECES FOR 50/-

TERMS: 5/- now and 5/- monthly. Five per cent discount allowed for cash. Approval in your home.

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WIRELESS BARGAIN

15/- Deposit

A GENUINE STERLING 2-VALVE LOUD SPEAKER SET sent to approved customers on receipt of 15/- Deposit. If perfectly satisfied after Testing, purchase completed by sending 16 Monthly Payments of 15/-. EVERYTHING COMPLETE. NOTHING ELSE TO BUY. READY FOR IMMEDIATE RECEPTION.

ASSURED SATISFACTION

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FINEST VALUE IN THE TRADE.

7/6 NOW

Our simple self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply a stylish well-fitting garment.

We Deliver the Graves 30/- suit to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in monthly payments, if satisfied. Money refunded if disappointed.

Patterns Post Free. Send post card for patterns cut from actual cloth lengths from which suits are made. Prices from 45/-

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

2d A Day is all you pay

For Cash BARGAIN SALE of BEDDING: 1 Superb Quality White Fleecy Blanket. 2 Coloured Fleecy Blankets, Blue or Pink. 2 Unbleached Twill Sheets. 1 Extra Quality Alhambra Quilt in various choice colours. 2 Pillow Cases. 1 White Bolster Case to match. All Splendid Quality. Double or Single Bed Size. Price 45/- Cash, or 2/- now and Balance by Easy Monthly Payments. LIST FREE. SELBY & CO., LTD. (Dept. 315), 31a, Finsbury St., E.C.2.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES of LOVELY PATTERNS

81 SQ FT for 15/-

—the cheapest and best floor-covering in the world—in rolls 2 yards wide. Rot-proof, damp-proof, hard-wearing, easily cleaned. Write for coloured lists.

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BETTER THAN LINOLEUM

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MAKE OR BUY A GRAMOPHONE 100 o/o cheaper than others. Mechanical Parts of a 1st-class REPANCO-Phone: Double Spring Motor, 12-in. Turntable, Swan Tonearm, Superior Sound Box, Internal Horn as fitted by other firms in £10, £20 Gramophones. All bar the wood. £1 : 18 : 6 Nett Cash

This set supplied with Jacobean Pedestal as shown, or with 4-door Cabinet, Mahogany or Oak finish £6 : 15 : 0 or with 8/6 Motor £4 : 10 : 0 Nett Cash. Carriage paid in U.K. 7 Days' trial. Money back if dissatisfied. Other sets from 15/-. Machines 30 models, Sideboards, Pedestals, Portables, etc., from 19/6. Motors 9/-. 64-page Catalogue of all Accessories FREE. Instructions *how to make Gramophones* 3d. Est. 24 yrs. 1,000 Testimonials.

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Music for all!

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IMPERIAL TWO VALVE RECEIVER

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£10.10.0 Complete with

Valves, Loudspeaker and all accessories. Guaranteed full Loudspeaker strength from Local stations and 75 to 100 miles from Daventry.

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Every lady should write for the Graves Bargain Catalogue of genuine high grade furs. The newest exclusive styles in exquisitely matched skins, offered at amazingly keen prices and on Easy Terms.

OUR BARGAIN PRICES ARE FOR DEFERRED PAYMENTS. Send a small amount now and complete purchase in monthly payments. If you wish to pay cash, Five per cent discount is allowed.

WRITE TO-DAY for our new handsomely illustrated Fur Catalogue Post Free per return.

From 5/- Monthly

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THE BEST HOUSE In the Kingdom for Wholesale Drapery, Bargains in Stockings, Fents, Ready-mades, Travellers' Samples, etc. Oldest, Cheapest and Best. Write to-day for Catalogue and Original A.B.C. Guide, Post free.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 3, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

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RETAILERS, Marketmen and Beginners, don't delay writing for our free Illustrated Catalogue containing bargains for all classes of Drapery Goods.—S. Mosco (Dept. J.B.), 8, Lever Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.

CHEAPEST wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, clothing, etc. Send for free cat.—H. Marks, 66, Houndsditch, E.1.

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a Ped-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties free. —Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

AGENTS (Spare Time) to sell Drapery, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Jewellery. Liberal com. well supplied with samples.—Write Dept. 20, YORK, LTD., 55a, Bayham Street, London, N.W.1.

EARN £3 to £5 wkly. Run Bed-clothing and Drapery Clubs amongst friends. No outlay. Parties free.—Grove Mills, Dpt. M., Birstall, Leeds.

SPARE TIME EMPLOYMENT for everybody. Those interested in a genuine proposition should read the important announcement of Messrs. Geo. Carter & Sons at top of page opposite.

PROFITABLE GOODS to sell in your spare time, every kind, good profits. 156-page Catalogue free.—May (173), George St., Birmingham.

£5,000 in Special Presents, also £0/- in Cash, free with our scheme, also largest Commission in the trade on all lines combined. Chocs., Cigs., Toys, Jewellery, etc. Beautiful Coloured Catalogue Free. Agents Wanted.—Dennis & Co., Dept. D., Colne.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE "BALMORAL" SERIES OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS (FREE) THE BOOK WHICH GUARANTEES SUCCESS. NO ENTERPRISING AGENT IS COMPLETE WITHOUT THIS WONDERFUL ORDER-GETTER. THIS MAGNIFICENT BOOK CONTAINS AN ABUNDANCE OF CHOICE DESIGNS AND REMARKABLE NOVELTIES. HIGHEST COMMISSION AND PRIZES GIVEN. WRITE AT ONCE, IT COSTS NOTHING, TO STEWARTS (DEPT. A.), COMMERCIAL MILLS, BLACKBURN.

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AGENTS WANTED. GREAT MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITY. Latest Novelties in Private Xmas Cards, Calendars, etc. To obtain Super-Attractive Sample Book and increase your business 50 per cent., apply Lancaster Publishing Co., Dept. 73, Lancaster.

PRIVATE GREETING CARDS. — Largest manufacturers want agents. FREE Sample book. Delightful Novelties in Aluminium and Velvet, with real glass eyes; Celluloid Calendar for Pocket or Handbag; Blotter, Notepaper, Greeting Cards for all tastes. HIGHEST COMMISSION & PRIZES FOR ALL.—Write, All-British Christmas Card Co., Dept. 245, BLACKBURN.

AGENTS wanted. £5 weekly easily earned with our "Snowball" Christmas Cards, NOVELTIES, LUCKY CAT, BLUE BIRD and PARROT CALENDARS. Book free. MOST AMAZING MONEY MAKER.—Sole Manufacturers, Minster Press, Preston.

ACTIVE Agents Wanted for a Wonderful Money-making Agency. £3 per week being earned in spare time; profits of 50 p.c. can be made; no risk; no outlay.—Apply Castle Publishing Co., 47, Anchor Court, Preston.

XMAS CLUBS. Agents wanted everywhere. Chocolates, Confectionery, Tea, Biscuits, etc. Big selection. Liberal commission. No outlay. Particulars.—Aywun Clubs (Dept. 47), 39, Pratt St., London, N.W.1.

EMPLOYMENT.

"WHY NOT BE A SALESMAN? It's a healthy job—and a well-paid one, with fine prospects." This was the advice given to a man who was dissatisfied with his earnings and could see no future. The friend introduced him to Mr. Wallace Attwood, Britain's Greatest Teacher of Salesmanship, and to-day he is drawing £600 a year. Why not let Mr. Wallace Attwood train you? Salesmanship is the one job in the world which will help a square peg to leave a round hole and better himself. Salesmanship is the big profession of to-day. A very interesting book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," will be sent to you post free on request. Send for your copy to-day.—The Wallace Attwood College, 26F, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7526.)

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 198, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

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100 BOYS, 15 to 18½, wanted monthly for Australian farms. Great prospects for strong boys of good character. Advanced passages. Write or call O/8, Church Army, 55, Bryanston St., W.1.

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THE THRILL, THE JOY, THE SATISFACTION, of a real Bargain! Thousands of genuine private bargains appear in each issue of "THE BAZAAR, EXCHANGE & MART," 3d. all newsgts. For sixty years valuable unwanted articles of every description have been offered privately. Send p.c. for specimen copy to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

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PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 3/3 per 1,000. Memos, Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples, 3d. postage. —Mead and Son, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

IF YOU SELL MAIL ORDER and your goods appeal to the Million, describe them in these classified columns. One advertiser who has not missed a single issue of *John Bull* for six years writes: "I would be sorry to manage a mail order business without it." Another regular user says: "Business is very brisk. It takes nine clerks to deal with the mail, thanks to *John Bull*." For further proof of the pulling power of these small ads., or in sending in an ad., address *John Bull* Small Advertisements Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. For rate see head of this page.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free. — West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

KNITTING Wools. Buy direct. Save shops big profits. Free samples for stamp.—Golden Fleece Woollen Co. (Dept. J.B.), Liskeard, Cornwall.

THOSE who study economy can make cheapest rugs using Parker's rug wool, Worsted Thrums, Mixed Colours, 1/9 lb. Axminster yarn in hanks mixed colours 1/9 lb., self colours 2/- lb. Splendid quality. Certain to please. Write for samples. —Parker & Co., 46, George St., Ayr, Scotland.

NOTEPAPER or Pads (Rough or Smooth) with address neatly printed, Envelopes to match, 3/6, 4/6, 5/-, 5/6.—Holloways, Boulevard, Weston-super-Mare

YOU can wear the most up-to-date made-to-measure Suit or Overcoat and pay for same from 1/6 weekly. Cycles, Mangles and General Household Goods also supplied. There are a few vacancies for agents in districts where already not represented.—Write B. Cee, 151, Above Bar, Southampton.

CYCLE TO WORK—save the fare and get the fresh air. Make that decision to-day but be sure you get a reliable bike (see advert. of Bradshaw Stores on page 4)

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA DUST, strong liquoring. Splendid flavour. 7 lb. 7/-, 10 lb. 9/6. Satisfaction guaranteed.—Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors, 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

UKULELES, Banjos, Drums, Jazz-Sets, Saxophones, Violins, Gramophones, Mandolins. Lists free.—Palmer's, 135, Linthorpe Rd., Middlesbro'.

DRESS.

BABY'S amazing 85-article Layette, 29/6. Robes, Gowns, Nightles, Vests, Flannels, Mat. Coats, Shawls, Towels, Napkins. Genuine Bargain. Call or send 2/- pcl. approx.—Only address, Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

CHARMING GOWNS, Etc.—Rare Bargains slightly worn clothing; catalogues, stmpd. envelope.—Marie Dupont, Paris House, Hastings.

BABY'S Charming Layette, 30/-. 85 hand-made Articles: Shawls, Vests, Flannels, Robes, Gowns, Napkins, etc. Send 2/- pcl. app. Terms. —Mrs. B. Barker, 31a, Brougham Rd., Southsea.

FURS.—Why pay cash when you can get just what you require on easy terms. Messrs. Hampton & Co., Ltd., offer you a real bargain in their advert. in "The Mail Order Market" on page opposite.

PETS, LIVESTOCK.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

FORTUNE & HAPPINESS from FEATHERS. The World's demand for canaries is sensational. Start breeding these dainty little songsters now. "Cage Birds," 2d. all newsagents, will show you how. Specimen gladly sent free and post free.—J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

FOR POULTRY KEEPERS.

"POULTRY," the only paper that matters to those who keep fowls. All Newsagents, Fridays, 2d. Specimen free.—71, Fleet St., London.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

WANT to join the Police? Study at home to pass Educational test.—Write, Secretary, Force Correspondence College, Kew, Surrey.

LEARN MASSAGE and modern manipulative healing—a paying profession. Hundreds of testimonials from successful pupils; write for details. 47, Sinae Institute, Cambridge Rd., Portsmouth.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Connor, Derby.

Dr. POGSON'S OINTMENT.—Wonderful Skin Secret of Wm. Pogson, F.R.C.S., cures all disease and restores the Skin to purity and comfort, 3/-, at Boots, Taylor's and all Chemists.

£100 CHALLENGE. VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS and all skin complaints permanently cured as if by magic. Sent under written guarantee of NO CURE—NO PAY. Sworn testimonials and trial sent post free.—Le Brasseur Surgical Manufg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. N.P.), 12, Mortimer Street, London, W.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy provided by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself, you can cure yourself (or your child). Parties, free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

NEW Life to weary, worn-out Nerves. Probyn Nutrient restores health, strength and lost vitality. Send to-day for free trial supply.—B. E. Probyn Laboratories, 116, Pebright Rd., London, S.W.18.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, kidney troubles, etc., quickly cured by PARKER'S REMEDY. Adults or children, operations avoided. 3/- bot. Boots', Taylor's, Timothy White's etc., or post free Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Sample 4d.

BLUSHING, Nervousness. — A remarkable book on genuine cure sent privately, 3d.—Mr. Rivers (J.B 36), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

PILES. Why suffer? HEMOSOL, the new discovery relieves at once. No instrument. No ointment. No medicine. Doctors use it. Cure yourself at home. Save an operation. 5/- post free, or stamp for free booklet.—Hemosol Chemists (J.B.4.), 1, Ramsden Road, S.W.12.

NEW LIFE to weak, depressed, nervous people. NUVIM restores youth, vitality. No drugs. Free trial.—Marygolds, Ceunant, Carnarvon.

RUPTURE CONQUERED. "The Lancet" endorses. Write now for full particulars of a free trial under guarantee of relief or money refunded. HEASLEY'S (DEPT. 8M.), 26, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

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HIGHEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Coins, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Post or call.—Bentley & Co., 333, Oxford St., London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Beil's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

HOBBIES. Fretwork Machine Wanted. State model, condition and price.—Graham, 7, Japan Crescent, London, N.4.

FOR MOTORISTS.

5/- DEPOSIT and 5/- weekly secures any tyre up to list price £2; 7/6 weekly up to £4; 10/- weekly over £4. No enquiries. Also Accessories. London Car Co., 43, Villiers St., W.C.2.

MOTORING Repair Outfits, containing 36 sq. inches finest sheet rubber, four patches Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, tube non-inflammable solution, wire brush. Unheard-of value, 2/6 p.p. stage paid, money returned if dissatisfied. British made by British labour.—Dowsett and Co., The Boston, Dewsbury Road, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TRIMNELL'S Pills and Powders have cured thousands! Why not you? Send for 64-p. book about herbs and how to use them—2d. post free. Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Rd., Cardiff.

IS NAKEDNESS NASTY? A striking article exposing some of the dangers of the nude cult amongst modern girls. See this week's "HEALTH AND STRENGTH," 3d. all newsagents.

Wireless Sets Free!

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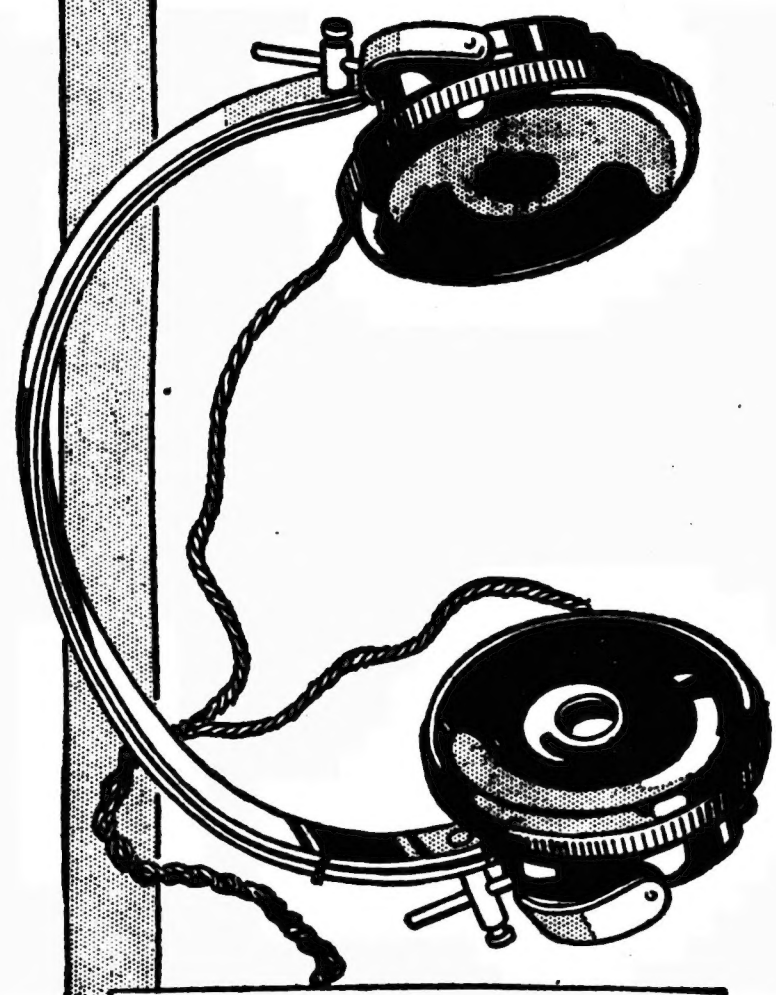

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Week ending Saturday
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VOL. XLII. No. 1110.

JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

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The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

Vapouring.
M.P.s are still going gaily on their way holiday making and occasionally assuring constituents that the Government is rotten, or the Government is marking time, or the Government is achieving miracles against impossible odds. Meanwhile the plain man, waiting to see something really done, is disappointed.

Call a Better Tune!
Holidays are ending on a note of political conferences, but the old hymn of hate against opponents is the only one sung. It is a pity. Pot calling pan grimy may be easy singing, but it doesn't help the country.

Party and Government.
The conference of the Conservative National Union next month must bear in mind that this Parliament has at most two years to run. The Government's prospects at the General Election may yet be made or marred.

Not Too Helpful.
Last year's conference egged the Government on to trade union legislation and the devastating Lords' "reform" proposals. The organisation has now a new chairman and a new Party agent. Will there also be a new spirit?

Thoughts for the P.M.
Mr. Baldwin had better realise that a Party conference never represents more than a Party, and often only part of a Party. No Government can last unless it seeks to represent the bulk of the nation.

The Crime of Youth.
Viscount Cecil's resignation, it is urged, gives a chance of admitting to the Ministry able young Conservatives. But—to the Cabinet's mind—there is a grave objection. Able young Conservatives will want to do things.

A Hefty Broom.
The League of Nations clears the air whenever it meets. Between whiles mischief-makers spin webs. The Geneva gathering brushes them away like cobwebs. So it was this month with the Poincarist-Polish plot.

Regular Brushing.
The spiders are busy and tenacious. Whether the League broom is plied four times or three times a year does not matter much, so long as the clean-up is regular.

Despicable.
Deliberate efforts to belittle the work of the League of Nations are beneath contempt. In view of the certainty of world horror should war again break out, those who make them must be destitute of brains, or lunatic.

The Way to Prosper.
Now that the constructive-minded leaders are again clearly on top in trade unionism, industrial readjustment—so terribly needed—ought to have every chance. Employers must give if they want to get.

Stop that Shriek.
The Trades Union Congress' break with Moscow would have come sooner but for political scare mongering. After the Communist rout at the T.U.C., other Parties might well leave it to Labour to deal with the Reds.

We're Still Waiting.
Winter rapidly approaches and we are still lacking a constructive scheme for solving unemployment, setting agriculture on its feet, or reorganising the coal industry. Optimistic words don't butter parsnips. We want statesmen with ideas, and courage to put them into execution.

£250,000 in Debt.
In Newcastle one person in every twelve is living on relief, and 1,863 have done so for the last four years. If only for Tyneside alone that special Parliamentary session on unemployment should be called.

Brilliant Winston.
Mr. Churchill's report of British industry "in full swing" most conveniently left out the coalfields. Yet 200,000 men in one industry unemployed cannot be ignored.

We'll Do It.
Since no one else seems willing to boost British trade along JOHN BULL is going to take a hand. Next week we shall announce a great scheme.

Look Out For It!
It will interest every shopkeeper in the country, as it will also interest every reader of JOHN BULL. Don't miss next week's issue.

Fleetwood Flourishes.
German fishing steamers have brought prosperity to Fleetwood and smoking and curing establishments are hard put to it to deal with the huge quantities of kippers and smoked haddocks leaving port daily. It's better to trade than to fight, and this little incident proves it.

More "Safeguarding."
Brickmakers have applied for a duty to check the increasing importation of foreign bricks. Why not bring the price of the home-produced article down? That's the quickest way to check the gamble.

Fat Years before Famine.
The truth is that brickmakers for many years have enjoyed unexampled prosperity. There would be no "slackening of demand" for building materials if prices were right.

Cheap Transport.
A better use of inland waterways might cheapen the cost of many commodities, but transport is seldom taken into consideration. The inertia of traders is to blame.

Take a Hint.
Twenty years ago Continental canals, with barges up to 250 tons capacity, carried food for ½d. per mile. To-day bagged minerals from London to Manchester cost 80s. a ton by rail and 54s. by road. Why canal transport is neglected is an unsolved mystery.

An Apple a Day——
There is a glut of apples in Cheshire, but "the demand is not large." That's funny, for we never knew a child in the world that wouldn't eat apples. We'll wager the price has something to do with it.

Wheels to Hum.
That South Wales has secured an order for 23,900 tons of rails destined for Egyptian State Railways is good hearing. It means work for the men and lightening of care for the women. But the chief benefit of regular wages is felt by the kiddies.

The Factory Ship.
The shark factory ship now in Thames waters may inspire the Board of Fisheries to apply its principles to home trade. If fishermen could cure and pickle their fish on the high seas waste would be prevented, and fish might be cheaper.

Most Useful Work.
Glue, isinglass, shoe leather and fancy leather, oil, fertilisers, and other chemicals are obtainable from sharks. To turn the tiger of the sea into useful commercial products is a work for which any man may be commended.

Rates Again.
Residential quarters in Mayfair and Belgravia are being altered into business premises and increase of valuation is the instant result. The more enterprise and hard work the heavier the tax. It isn't just.

London Lights.
The price of gas reduced just when long dark nights are coming on is a welcome change from the usual procedure. Thousands of small homes should feel the benefit.

The New Pit.
A main coal seam has been reached at Seaham at a depth of 1,600 ft. When developed 1,000,000 tons of coal a year will be produced and work provided for 3,000 men. The natural resources of the country aren't finished yet!

Fanaticism.
The sorry spectacle of police posted outside a church was seen at St. Cuthbert's, Darwen. That disorder was even feared is a disgrace. Religion that provokes bitter quarrelling can do no good.

Reader loses sight of Eye
"JOHN BULL" pays £125
SEE PAGE 2

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Human Brute.

For hacking a horse by its tongue and tearing it at the roots, Samuel Molyneau, of Liverpool, has been fined £2 with 10s. costs. A slight punishment for one so lacking in human sympathy.

No Alternative?

It is cold charity to turn a man out of his home because it is dilapidated and offer him the workhouse. Can nothing be done to provide Michael Coghlan, of Plumstead, soon to be evicted, with a less communal roof?

Not Too Soon.

"Where every prospect pleases and only homes are vile" describes the situation at Llandulas where time after time the medical officer has reported overcrowding. Nothing must hinder the proposed building of twenty new houses.

Safety First.

Suggestions are afoot that life-saving appliances and improved patrolling of the towing-path would minimise accidents and loss of life on the Regent's Canal. We would hasten authorities by reminding them that the road to hell is paved with good intentions.

Strange Preference.

For a corporation such as Nottingham to put up with insanitary, out-of-date slaughter-houses when it has already acquired a site near the cattle-market passes comprehension. The sooner a public abattoir is put up the cleaner will be the city's meat and bill of health.

Why Prison?

Ten times convicted, stated by the Stafford prison doctor to be simple-minded, to Horace Shaw's latest charge of shopbreaking Judge Atherley-Jones can only reply, "I can do nothing but send you to prison." How long before we insist on medical treatment for such offenders?

Pity the Fatherless.

Stealing £1 from a fellow-employee, a Norwich lad purchased cigarettes, chips and sweets. The boy has no father and is rumoured to keep bad company. He needs a man's interest in his welfare if he is to make the most of his twelve months' probation.

Magistrate's Error.

For failing to do four sums right, an L.C.C. teacher caned a boy on his back and arms. Mr. Bingley, the Marylebone magistrate, refused to grant a summons for assault. We maintain, however, that dullness in a scholar is neither an excuse nor an occasion for corporal punishment.

Dangerous Infatuation.

Four months' imprisonment is unlikely to put Ernest Rudge, of Battersea, in a right frame of mind towards the girl whom, because of her refusal to have anything to do with him, he threatened to kill. He needs mental treatment to adjust his ideas of true affection, or he should not be at large.

Genuine Gratitude.

For seven years, since being cured of an internal complaint at Bradford Royal Infirmary, an ex-patient has given up his two free afternoons weekly to act as batman in his former ward. Gratitude so aptly expressed makes the lives of those who work in such institutions worth living.

A Rotter.

Enforced hard labour for four months is no doubt the right thing for Walter Turner, of Sutton Springs Wood. He lives on the "dole," smokes rather than buy food for his wife and four children, and drinks milk intended for the baby. Though better without him, unless help is forthcoming, how will his family struggle through the winter?

The Right Stuff.

In spite of his sweetheart's attempts to hold him back, Thomas Robson, a miner, insisted on jumping into West Hartlepool harbour to rescue a small boy who had fallen in. They were both drowned, but the forgoing of life and a strong personal claim stamps Robson's act with the hall-mark of heroism.

Woman Fagin.

We hope the N.S.P.C.C. will keep an eye on Ada Hancock, of Putney, now doing twenty-one days' time for stealing with the help of her two small sons from Selfridge's bargain basement. A woman who encourages her children to thieve should not be allowed to bring them up.

The Tightening Hand.

For keeping a vermin-infested, rubbish-laden lodging-house, Maria Larvin, of Nottingham, has been fined £2 and ordered to clean it immediately. We are glad to see the new regulations of the Public Health Act are tightening round the necks of those who take good money for providing filth.

Left to Die.

"I did not touch the body because I did not like the idea" was William Frank Hinchcliffe's excuse for not helping a woman whom he had run over near Coventry on his motor-cycle. He is only twenty-one, but such contemptible cowardice would disgrace a child.

Too Casual.

"I thought it did not matter," was the threadbare excuse offered by Bernard Slater Cranshaw, of Wembley, for offering a constable 10s. not to summon him for having concealed a rear plate on his motor-cycle. Cranshaw has found his deception "mattered" to the extent of £5.

Try, Try Again.

"We have been trying for the last twenty years, but nothing has happened," Col. Fox complains in regard to tightening up the regulations for handling celluloid. The fate of the women who lost their lives in the Regent's Park film factory fire should spur him to the efforts that mean success.

The Human Machine

You Matter!

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

I OFTEN hear people say: "It doesn't matter what *I* think. *My* opinion is of no value."

Now, what is one to make of such a self-effacing attitude? Is it shyness—or sheer laziness? Is it because such people can't think—or because they won't?

I think it is a little of all of these: but it is a very mistaken attitude. It matters very much what you think—whoever or wherever you are.

The thought of a nation arises from the thought of the individuals who compose it; and your thoughts are as important as anyone else's.

A nation, or any group of human beings, is only wise if the majority of its people are wise.

For all you know your opinion may be the one that the world is seeking. No man can judge the value of his thought to others.

Suppose George Stephenson, the inventor of the steam-engine, had talked like that? Or Marconi or Edison or any of the men whose thoughts have transformed the face of the earth?

WHAT would happen if everybody thought that their opinion was of no value? If nobody had ever given an idea to the world we should still be barbarians.

There can be no collective wisdom in a nation unless we all exercise our own individual judgment. There can be no sound national judgment unless the judgment of the individual is sound.

It is your duty to think and form sound opinions, just as it is my duty and the duty of everyone.

You never know. It may be your lot some day to discover a truth that will urge the whole world a step forward.

Slot Trickery.

By filing down halfpennies to the size of shillings Henry Swanson, of Sheffield, acquired two shillings' worth of petrol from an automatic machine. A £3 fine will convince him of his folly.

Counter Irritant.

On his own admission, George Harris, already convicted of shopbreaking and larceny, has a fascination for house-breaking. What he needs after his four months' hard labour for the theft of household goods and clothing at Gloucester is a counter attraction in the shape of honest work.

For Newly-weds.

Afternoon instruction for young married women on the preparation of infants' food is to be provided by Middlesbrough Education Committee. With 7.33 a thousand of legitimate children dying a year from diarrhœa and enteritis it is the duty of young wives to attend.

Savers of Seamen.

The Aberdeen trawler *Ben Tore* grounded on the rocks at Gregness in thick fog and a rainstorm. Two coastguardsmen, Charles Davis and William Fenn, swam across a dangerous gully, and, although badly bruised by being dashed against the rocks, attached a lifeline to the trawler and the crew was saved. Bravery such as this carries on the history of Britain's greatness at sea.

Scrubbing Brush Wanted.

To have one's children removed to the workhouse because of neglect and a verminous home is a disgrace that should gnaw at the vitals of such as James and Jane Saunderson, of Pilsley. Mrs. Saunderson had better quit gadding about till 11 p.m. and take to housework if she does not want the two years' probation on which she has been put to end in genuine hard labour.

Prison for the Poor.

Sixty men were charged at Manchester with the crime of sleeping out, and a number were sent to prison for from one to three months. Some, in the words of the Press, "had become incurable wanderers in their fruitless efforts to obtain work." People who say that in England poverty is no crime had better not practise what they preach in the neighbourhood of Manchester.

Woman's Part.

"Please deal with him as leniently as you can; he has always been good to me," pleaded Ada Hall for Victor Cecil Brown. And this after he had permanently disfigured her face with a knife in the course of a quarrel. During his fifteen months' hard labour Brown may well marvel on the forgiving powers of woman and think how to make amends to this one whom he has wronged.

Rent Profiteering.

One person at Oldham, says Dr. J. B. Wilkinson, Medical Officer of Health, lets sufficient furnished rooms to produce an annual rental of over £1,500. The average rent of a so-called furnished room is 10s., and it generally contains a table, two or three chairs, a derelict bed and the minimum of bedclothes. This is another aspect of the housing problem which demands immediate attention.

Waste of Life.

Only sixteen, Harry Bale, of Cardiff, made the supreme sacrifice in releasing a child whose fingers were fastened on a live electric cable "Somebody," says the jury, "showed great carelessness in not having the wiring properly protected." We hope "somebody's" ears are burning and his hands itching to repair the damage by which a valuable young life was needlessly thrown away.

Song Not Wanted.

Animated by the best intentions, Mr. Tom Carrick, a member of the Sculcoates Board of Guardians, has regularly visited the workhouse infirmary with songs and exhortations of a spiritual nature. Now the inmates object. "Some of us hope to get well, and it depresses us to listen to hymns suggesting that we are on the point of death." There's something to be said for those inmates. They understand psychology.

Skilled Crime.

By means of a system involving weekly forgeries, Albert William Gorham, a clerk, has cheated the Ministry of Labour out of £733. Entitled to out-of-work benefit, he supplied fictitious names to the Ministry, drawing money for wives and children that did not exist, and when run to earth had the impudence to argue that Ministry employees had not done their duty. The five years' penal servitude he must undergo is none too much.

Guinea Starvation.

Lancashire and Cheshire miners have passed a resolution asking the National Federation to take up the question of wages. Ninety per cent. of the men are working only two and three days a week, and conditions are simply deplorable. The minimum wage of 8s. 6d. a day is merely talk when 21s. is the total earning for the week. Colliers themselves cannot get enough to eat, to say nothing of their wives and families.

Overcrowding Puzzle.

A Manchester ex-Serviceman, his wife and their twelve kiddies have to crowd at night, under C4 conditions, into two bedrooms. Their income is meagre, and won't allow them to pay 24s. a week rent for a proper home. The City Council has lower-rented houses, with four rooms, but it won't let the poor family have one of them. Fourteen people in four rooms is overcrowding, it says. So the family has to endure existence in two!

In the Right Direction.

Pit lads from Atherton collieries have been entertained by Harrow boys as football opponents and sharers at the tuck-shop, Harrow boys being similarly entertained at the colliery as guests of the pitboys. Boys are boys, and given the same education and the same chance in life they will show the same attributes and abilities. From good football to good finance may be a quicker step than short-sighted people suspect.

Economy Gone Mad.

We are told that approximately 7,000 young teachers, fresh from training college, cannot obtain employment, and that local authorities have been advised not to fill vacancies but to get over the difficulty by increasing the number of pupils in existing classes. This is not only a rank injustice to the young men and women concerned, but economy run mad. The Board of Education must be called to account for so base a betrayal.

"Astounding Frauds of a Colonel."

In our issue of August 13, under the above heading, we exposed Guy Cockerham Neale Greetham, a well-connected swindler, who, posing as a "colonel," was obtaining money in various parts of the country by fraud. Unmasking his exploits, we urged Scotland Yard to bring him to book, and we are now pleased to place on record the fact that, within five weeks of our exposure, Greetham has been arrested and sent to jail for a year.

Man, but not Manly.

A neatly dressed woman carrying a baby presented a problem to Mr. Tassell at Tower Bridge Police Court when she explained that the child belonged to her sister, deceased. The mother died, and four sisters each took one of the four orphans to care for. The father demanded them home so that "he could draw more out-relief," and Mr. Tassell suggested that the court missionary might "reason" with him. We would give the fellow work and see that he shouldered his responsibilities with the proceeds.

The Man with a Heart.

"I haven't a friend in the world" was the despairing cry of Christina Neil, at Airdrie, when charged with obtaining goods on false pretences. In reality the poor child was an orphan, and sent out into the world from an institution had been deceived and taken advantage of by man after man whom she had met casually. The magistrate put her on probation, and before leaving the court deposited a sum of money with the Chief Constable to assist Christina to get a fresh start. A kindly, Christian gentleman with a heart of gold.

A House "Hunter."

Repeated warnings appear to be necessary against the operations of J. A. Dennis, trading at the moment as the Housing Association, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus. For fees ranging up to £5 5s. he claims to find houses for harassed home-seekers. To judge from our correspondence, he is much better at finding guineas than finding houses.

A Family Failing.

To judge from a complaint which has reached us, Alan Seymour Fowler Wright, trading as "A. Seymour and Co., watchmakers and jewellers," New Street, West Bromwich, is a dilatory person to deal with. Curiously enough, the weakness was shared by Sidney Fowler Wright, a literary gentleman, also of New Street, West Bromwich, who operated as the "Literary Contests Company." It must run in the family!

Nobody's Business.

In our issue of August 27 appeared a paragraph headed "Nobody's Business—A Penalised Subtenant," in which we stated that the unsafe condition of the mantelpiece in a house in Montreal Road, Tilbury, had been reported to the owners, the Ludlow Estates. We are informed that this statement is incorrect, and further that the owners of the Ludlow Estates hold an acknowledgment by the tenant that the house was in a proper state of repair. We gladly give publicity to this statement.

Tobacco Snowball.

A wonderful scheme to make "snowballs" out of tobacco has been evolved by Gerald Hallard and Co., Acocks Green, Birmingham. They offer "5s. worth of tobacco for 4d.," but before you can obtain this wonderful bargain you send 1s. 4d. and persuade four of your friends each to take a coupon "value fourpence." When, and only when, your friends have also sent their 1s. 4d., making a total of 6s. 8d., you receive your 5s. worth of tobacco. If your friends don't send their money you may lose your 1s. 4d. Don't touch it!

Crime Doesn't Pay.

"Crime," says Eddie Guerin, "does not pay. Nor can the criminal win in the end." Guerin should know, for he has been one of the most dangerous criminals of the last half-century. He was sentenced to the notorious French penal settlement known as "Devil's Island"—and escaped. Now, at sixty-five, he has given it all up. He—and who should know better—has decided that crime is a "mugs' game," and in the *People* he is telling in a series of astounding articles just why he thinks so.

A Dead Loss.

We have before us a pathetic letter from a West Country reader who invested his life-savings, amounting to nearly £400, with a concern called the Kensington Trust, Ltd., Cannon Street, London, E.C. The company which was associated with Marsden Firth and Co., a dubious firm of brokers, and against which we warned our readers long ago, has now vacated its offices and left no address. Our correspondent wonders whether deluded clients might not unite to take action. We fear that, whatever else might result they would never recover their money.

He Wasn't Caught!

In contrast with the above we have received a thankful call from a young man who was on the point of parting with an investment to a gentleman named A. F. Roberts, Oxenden Street, Haymarket, W., in return for an alleged position with salary. Roberts fishes in different waters from the share-mongering sharks, trading as the "Egg and Poultry Direct Supply Company," but his object is the same. The intending victim, happening to be a JOHN BULL reader, had seen our criticism of Roberts and has stuck to his money.

Win a "Bullets" Tenner!

Send us a good "Bullet" this week and you may win one of these popular new prizes. (See page 39.)

Problems of Life

Harry Lauder's Soul

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

CAN one touch a raw wound with delicacy? There must be few in the English-speaking world who did not mourn with Harry Lauder when death took his brave and noble wife away from him a short time ago.

Sir Harry Lauder

He is reported to have cried out in his pain and desolation that he would never sing again.

Whether he actually did so or not is immaterial; he could hardly feel otherwise in his hour of grief.

He is a man of strong affections, and the good woman who filled his life for so long had more to do with making him the man he is than the outside world ever knew.

They endured privation together in their early married life, while he was still struggling for a footing in his chosen calling.

He has plenty of grit and tenacity, but it is doubtful if he would have thought it worth while to keep on if there had been no faithful companion to share his hopes and give him cheer and encouragement.

THEN came triumph followed by tragedy. The war claimed the life of their only son. Together they bore the blow, and neither ever quite recovered from it.

Harry went to the United States and Canada to plead this country's cause against calumny, misrepresentation and hate.

He faced big gatherings of hostile French-Canadian defeatists in the Province of Ontario and said unprintable things to them. It is stated that he did more to shame them into patriotism than all the recruiting officers put together.

He out-matched Irish-Americans and German-Americans on their own ground and won the whole-hearted approval of the rest of the nation.

He was made "Sir" Harry Lauder for these services when he came home. But what did he care for that? It could not give him back his boy.

He is a lonely man now, despite the respect and sympathy that go out to him from millions of hearts.

Why recite all this?

Because it is the epic of many thousands of lives of which the public never hears.

Whatever may be said of the numerous cases of domestic infelicity that get into the newspapers, there is no doubt that the home-life of this country is still sound.

GOOD women make good men, and every decent-minded man needs, and can usually find, some good woman to love him and help him along.

Life has little savour without the spiritual background such comradeship provides, and death itself cannot undo what it does for us.

What it has done for Harry Lauder is too big to perish, as time will reveal.

And so say all of us.

BOGUS CURATE: Astounding Escapades

A CROOK RUNS A PARISH

Gwyndyr's Wonder Sermons

IT is no unusual occurrence for members of the criminal class to don clerical garb, the better to impose upon the innocent and unsuspecting.

When, however, a forger and an ex-convict, who is "wanted" for a fresh offence, successfully occupies a Church of England pulpit for a considerable period, leading the singing, preaching and performing the solemn baptismal and marriage rites, he deserves a niche all to himself in the history of religious imposture.

Such an individual is the "Reverend" Gwyndyr Williams, recently curate-in-charge of St. Matthew's, Canonbury Street, North London.

The history of Williams' remarkable escapade has several astonishing features, some of which call for very severe comment.

During the early part of this year, the vicar of St. Matthew's, which is situated in the densely populated Essex Road area, fell ill, and was advised to take a long holiday.

Opportunity offers

It happened that at the same time his curate, who would normally have taken charge of the parish in the vicar's absence, was appointed to a living in Somerset.

At this opportune moment the "Reverend" Gwyndyr Williams appeared upon the scene. A Welshman of about forty-five, with a plausible manner and appearance, Williams produced what seemed to be satisfactory credentials.

These included letters of ordination from the Bishop of Minnesota, which indicated that he had been properly ordained.

He was appointed curate-in-charge of St. Matthew's, although who was responsible for the appointment is not quite clear.

Williams made a success of his job at the outset. Like so many of his countrymen, he combined a gift of oratory with a perfervid delivery.

Added to that, he was a musician of no mean order, his knowledge of things ecclesiastical was almost encyclopædic, and he actually succeeded in attracting larger congregations than had been usual for some time past.

Sensational discovery

None suspected for a time that he was anything but the genuine pastor he professed to be. Least of all did about a dozen young couples who secured his services to unite them in the holy bonds of matrimony!

Somehow or other, in spite of the increased congregation, in spite of the plausibility of the "Reverend" Gwyndyr Williams, a rumour arose that all was not as it should be.

It then occurred to someone in authority to make investigations into the bona-fides of the curate-in-charge of St. Matthew's. A sensational discovery was made. A photograph was taken of the ordination form which he had produced, a printed document signed by the Bishop of Minnesota. It was forwarded to the American dignitary for his comments.

In due course came the reply to the effect that, although the document was very similar to those used by the Bishop of Minnesota, the Bishop denied having signed it. The credential was, therefore, a brazen forgery.

That, in itself, would have been grave enough, but further investiga-

The Bishop of Stepney

tions revealed the fact that Williams was an ex-convict who had served a term of imprisonment for an offence of an even more serious nature five or six years earlier.

Death announced

Williams at that time had a wife living in Canada and his life was heavily insured. He conceived the idea of announcing his own demise.

Following this sad occurrence, he forwarded what purported to be a genuine death certificate on which a claim for the insurance money was made.

The sequel was a sentence of nine months at the Old Bailey in 1922 for attempting to obtain money by false pretences.

It was also discovered that at the very moment when Williams was posing as a pattern of virtue and a genuine exponent of religion to the good folk of Canonbury, a certain Board of Guardians in South Wales, which did not then know his whereabouts, had taken out a warrant for his arrest, his wife having become chargeable to it for her maintenance.

This, added to the details of Williams' previous career, was too much for the Church officials.

Williams was interviewed by a police officer, and at the moment has disappeared from the scene of his ministrations. Apparently, the South Wales guardians were persuaded not to proceed with the warrant, and the Church authorities, for obvious reasons, had no particular desire to institute proceedings.

Incredible though it may appear, this is not the first time that Williams has masqueraded in the pulpit of a London church. Some three years ago he appeared at St. Mark's vicarage, Dalston.

The story he told to the vicar was convincing. He had just come from South America, he stated, a fact which we have reason to believe was quite correct, and was suffering from a breakdown in health. Following his unfortunate experience some little while before at the Old Bailey, this also sounds as if it might be true.

Criticism forestalled

His statement that he had been attached to a church in South America, however, we take leave to doubt, although someone in the Dalston district apparently swallowed it.

He was appointed to the curacy which at that time was vacant, full enquiries having been made into his antecedents.

In any event, Williams had forestalled criticism by running into the vicarage one day in a most perturbed state with a circumstantial story of having had his room burgled and all his papers, including his credentials, stolen. His story, apparently, was never questioned.

Shortly after he went abroad, but the call of pastoral ministration amid London's teeming millions proved too strong, and he bobbed up once again.

This time it was at St. Paul's Church, Canonbury, where he had no difficulty in ingratiating himself sufficiently to become attached for clerical duties. He was actually the guest of the vicar!

It was from this jumping-off ground that he succeeded to the temporarily vacant pulpit of St. Matthew's.

Naturally, since the departure of Mr. Williams from Canonbury, the wildest rumours have been in circulation, and the hush-hush tactics of the powers-that-be have not tended to allay them.

Serious complications

Had the imposture begun and ended with the taking of church services and the preaching of discourses in the best Gallic style it might not have mattered so much, but there is the question of the marriages. At least a dozen couples have been "married" by the "Reverend" Gwyndyr Williams.

Are these marriages valid or are they not? If not, the most serious complications may ensue, and an immediate pronouncement by the Bishop of Stepney, who, as Suffragan Bishop, has authority over the district concerned, is of importance.

And the whole question of how an ex-convict with forged credentials can get himself, with the utmost ease, promoted to the charge of an important parish in the Church of England calls for stringent enquiry.

Alma the Artful

An Audacious Lady

A WELL-DRESSED and very beautiful woman walked into a costumier's shop in the West End the other day and, with an air of prosperity, asked to see some of the latest Paris models.

Very charming in manner, and with a taste for fine clothes which required the greatest attention on the part of the staff, she selected some costly salmon-coloured and black georgette gowns and ordered them to be sent to an hotel in Bloomsbury.

She was, she said, Mrs. Alma Evans.

Dressed for the part

After the gowns had been put aside for her, she remarked that she had to go to keep an appointment to get her hair waved at a Bond Street emporium.

If the purchases, therefore, could be delivered to her at the hotel upon her return, she would have the cash ready for the messenger.

The gowns were duly sent and the messenger was received by the beautiful Mrs. Evans, who looked resplendent in a black-and-white speckled evening frock, with diamonds shimmering in her newly coiffured hair.

She told the messenger to come back in an hour's time as she was just about to dine, and would like to check the dresses before paying the bill. The messenger unsuspectingly did as he was asked.

When he returned, however, the beautiful Mrs. Alma Evans had gone, and with her the dresses!

When he told the sorry news to his employer, the aid of the police was sought, and Mrs. Alma Evans was found to be identical with a clever woman thief who is busy just now perpetrating similar frauds in various parts of the country.

Still a danger

"Alma Evans" is only an alias, for the woman's real name is Phillips, and she is one of the most accomplished female crooks extant.

She has recently brought off other coups in the assumed names of "Ada Morton," "Edna Wellman" and "Elsie Smith," and manages to defy arrest despite the fact that she operates more or less openly all the time.

She is no stranger to jail, where she has been sent on at least one occasion for obtaining goods by false pretences.

Her recent performances show quite clearly, most people will agree, that she has well qualified for another term.

But while she is at large all establishments, both in London and the provinces, which deal in gowns and lingerie, will be wise to exercise the greatest caution in regard to customers who ask for goods to be sent in this way to hotels and boarding-houses.

Even this exposure will not be sufficient to deter Alma the audacious in her plundering career, for she is of the type which stops at nothing.

A MODERN DICK TURPIN

A DUD CHEQUE PAPER CHASE

The "Kite-King's" Coup

ROBBERY on the King's highway is by no means a defunct profession, if we are to judge from the recent exploits of a gentleman named Henry Rout.

Henry is a modern Turpin, who is fast making a name for himself all along the ancient Bath Road, the Great North Road and the road that leads to Brighton.

His path, traversed, naturally, in a high-speed car, is strewn with dishonoured cheques, exchanged for solid value received from innkeepers, shopkeepers and the like.

Like most good business men, he prefers to make a small profit on each of a large number of transactions rather than a large profit on an occasional coup.

His method, adopted on a recent lucrative trip to Bath in company with a male friend and two ladies, will illustrate the point.

Profitable trip

In almost every town and village on the way the party would stop at an hotel or call to make a purchase at a shop.

They would spend a pound or perhaps two, Rout making a point of pass ng some remark which would fix the party in the memory of the intended victim.

They paid for what they had, usually in spot cash, though occasionally by a small cheque which was duly met on presentation. By this means confidence was established.

On the journey home some days later, the fun commenced. A return visit was paid to the hotels and shops on the list, but this time there was no question of spot cash.

Instead, Rout found himself a little short and suggested the cashing of a cheque for a comparatively small amount, rarely more than £10, "to see the party home."

Nine times out of ten he was successful.

As the total haul was several hundred pounds, the trip to Bath was well worth while; so was a similar excursion to Brighton and back a few weeks ago.

Unlucky partnership

This is only one side of Rout's activities.

Known in the under-world as the "Kite King"—a "kite" being a stolen cheque—he has been described as a "non-stop crook."

There is one young fellow who has recently served a term of three months' imprisonment through his association with Rout.

He met him at Southend in circumstances which one would hardly expect should lead even an incurable rogue like Rout to meditate a swindle.

The young man had some money and Rout suggested a partnership with this as the initial capital. The latter's share was to come from a cheque due to him by a well-known person.

The cheque never came, but the young man's money vanished.

Meanwhile Rout had been introduced to a South London landlady, a struggling widow who has a hard fight to make ends meet.

Rout drove up in the swagger car which figured in his highway exploits, and on taking the apartments, confided to the landlady that he was accustomed to stay in hotels, but that he had found them too noisy!

For a week or two he paid his bill, but successfully resisted the temptation to form so uncomfortable a habit. He stopped paying, but won the landlady's ready sympathy with a harrowing story.

He appeared to be lame in one foot, and this troublesome disability was interfering with his business. It was, he said, the result of an accident when he was racing at Brooklands a year or two ago, and had a marvellous escape.

Not only did the landlady waive her claim for rent, but she actually lent the scoundrel several sums of money, including even the savings th t she had laid aside for rates and taxes.

Finally he left and, fearing that she might get in touch with the police, sent her a wire: "Do not worry. Returning London Tuesday. Arranging settlement, Mick."

The landlady believed him to be in the provinces.

She did not notice till later that the wire was sent from a post-office in the next street!

Impudent message

This poor woman is only one of many landladies up and down the country who have been similarly duped.

The car which Rout was using was also obtained by the confidence trick, from a Great Portland Street firm whom he supplied with bogus references.

Sharp as motor-dealers are, Rout proved sharper, and drove the car away from their garage in return for a cheque.

Mr. Alick Tassell, Tower Bridge magistrate, who sentenced Rout's associate to three months' imprisonment

When this came back dishonoured, the firm sent post-haste to the South London address which had been given them.

Rout was not there to meet them, but some days later, when they had already communicated with the police, they received a telephone call from the gentleman.

He was sorry that circumstances had not permitted him to meet the cheque, etc., etc., but if they would send a man to a certain street in Brixton, they would find the car abandoned on the kerb!

Who had meanwhile provided him with a fresh car with which to continue his profession, history has not yet revealed.

That he has not returned to his highway robbery on foot, or even on horse-back, may be taken for granted.

Rout has already served at least one term of imprisonment. Another little term wouldn't do him any harm!

A BELGIAN ON THE RAMP

ALLAIN'S O-CEDAR "MOP"

AN urgent warning is necessary to the private investor against the activities of a new school of "share-pushers." Previously the moving spirits in this profession have been Americans. This time the author of the scheme appears to be a Belgian, by name of E. Allain.

Allain, who took offices in New Oxford Street, London, W.C., a short time ago, describing his company as "stoekbrokers and dealers," commenced by circularising shareholders in the O-Cedar Consolidated Trust, Ltd.

He stated that he would shortly be offering for sale a limited number of shares in the American O-Cedar Corporation.

Tempting bait

"Never before," said the circular, "have shares of the original company, whose earnings speak for themselves, been offered to the British shareholder, and we shall advise you of the above offer in the immediate future."

A mass attack on provincial investors, principally in the south coast towns, was made by share-pushing salesmen.

Prompt action

They told the most plausible story that if the shareholders deposited their certificates with them and signed a transfer for ninety days, they would receive in return an allotment of the American company's "A" shares, which could be sold immediately at a big premium, owing to an imminent bonus distribution.

They made it appear as if they were acting for the British company.

So impressed was one shareholder that he parted with £500 of his own and his wife's holdings to a representative of E. Allain and Company, named Arnold.

When Arnold had departed with the certificates in his pocket, the shareholder thought that it might be as well to confirm his statements.

He accordingly wrote to the secretary of the Tokenhouse Securities Corporation, which acts as registrars for the O-Cedar Trust. The secretary, Mr. L. W. Gurney, took prompt steps, for which he deserves the thanks of unsuspecting shareholders.

He first of all cabled to the president of the American Corporation asking if he had given authority to hawk American shares in the British market.

The reply came back that no such authority had been given and requesting Mr. Gurney to protect the interests of the American company.

Warning given

Within a few days the shares handed over to Allain's representative appeared on the London Stock Exchange, an effort being made to sell them for cash.

Mr. Gurney was able to stop the transaction by refusing the transfer until full enquiries had been made.

He also explained to the stockbroker who was negotiating the shares the true facts of the case, and the latter, who was acting quite innocently, naturally consented to the course taken.

A warning was then issued by Mr. Percy Finch, secretary of the O-Cedar Consolidated Trust, Ltd., to all the shareholders in this country.

Temporary check

This, it is believed, has effectually stopped E. Allain and Company's campaign, so far as O-Cedar shares are concerned, and for the moment none of the gang is to be found at the address in New Oxford Street.

It may safely be presumed, however, that Allain himself will have other schemes in mind.

What was attempted with O-Cedar shares can easily be repeated with a host of other securities of the same class, and unless the companies are as quick to act as Mr. Gurney, of the Tokenhouse Securities Corporation, it is more than likely that large sums of money will change hands.

Unfortunately, the recommendation of the Departmental Committee of the Board of Trade on Company Law that share-pushing should be made a criminal offence has not yet become law. The sooner it is on the Statute Book the better.

RAILWAY PENSIONS SCHEME: A Warning

WONDERFUL BENEFITS—ON PAPER!

A King of Optimists

Mr Frank Bailey, F F I., Manager of the National Union of Railwaymen's Approved Society, who strongly advocates State pensions at sixty

THE London, Midland and Scottish Railway is one of the largest and most efficient organisations of its kind in this country, employing tens of thousands of men, and carrying, in the course of every year, 351,000,000 passengers.

Although the employees of this gigantic concern are paid the standard rates laid down by their unions, they receive no pension at all, or a totally inadequate one, to sustain them when their working days are done.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that a scheme has just been evolved, not only for the purpose of guarding against the possible privations of old age, but also to facilitate the granting of gratuities upon incapacitation.

The gentleman responsible for this scheme is a London, Midland and Scottish Railway guard named A. H. Wells, of Monmouth Street, Derby, who has recently issued alluring billheads throughout the length and breadth of the country.

Extraordinary provisions

Mr. Wells' scheme is best explained in a poster-like circular headed "All-grade Pensions Scheme," which sets forth a number of somewhat extraordinary provisions, concerning which many railway men have written to us.

The first is that all servants up to the age of sixty-three years must become *compulsory* members. To the uninitiated this might sound like a clause from an Act of Parliament.

It is nothing of the kind. Mr. Wells cannot compel one single employee to have anything to do with his venture unless that employee wishes to do so voluntarily.

Mr. Wells' scheme, on paper, has certainly found a splendid solution to a problem which has baffled the railwaymen for years.

There is no doubt that Mr. Wells himself honestly believes that he has found the real solution. But—has he?

At the age of sixty-five a gratuity is to be given, on retirement, of £25 down, with a pension of 25s. for life. Although such a handsome gift would naturally induce many railwaymen to join, how is it really going to work out in practice?

Unlike so many of the railwaymen who, in their excitement, are likely to regard this scheme at its surface value, let us look below it.

The average expectation of life of members joining the fund at sixty-three—on the very verge of their intending retirement—is twelve years. This means that the fund would be liable in each case, not only for the gratuity of £25, but for the sum of £650 in payment of pensions!

And, as the weekly contribution, at the age of sixty-three, is only 3s. 4d. per week, where is the money coming from?

If Mr. Wells does not answer this question in his printed matter he certainly gives some remarkable figures. For instance, he states that the annual income of the "All-grade Pensions Scheme" is to be £969,496.

Upon what ground does he base this amount? Is it on the assumption that all the employees of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway will join because Mr. Wells has the optimism to hint that they may be *compelled* to do so?

Strange discrepancy

Even so, it is difficult to understand how he arrives at an annual income of £969,496, which he says is based upon an "estimated membership" of 250,000.

As, however, according to the last return, there are only 194,457 males employed in operative grades by the London, Midland and Scottish Railway, there is here a discrepancy of no fewer than 55,000 potential members.

Apart from £25 gratuities at retirement and weekly pensions of 25s. for life, Mr. Wells has provided for other amazing benefits, including gratuities which will be payable at death, and handsome payments to members becoming partially or totally incapacitated.

Where, we ask again, is the money coming from? As Mr. Wells himself asserts, the whole of his annual income of £969,496 is to be yearly expended in pensions and gratuities!

Just think of that—every penny to go.

Impossible scheme

Members, for instance, who have paid into the scheme for periods of over two and under seven years are entitled, in the event of death or total incapacitation, to the whole of their contributions back, plus 5 per cent.

To those who have contributed for over seven and under twelve years, the whole of their payments plus 10 per cent. is to be refunded.

And the luckiest of all, those who have been in for over twelve and under sixteen years, receive everything back, "including 15 per cent. on the whole of their contributions, plus £4 a year for each completed year over sixteen, up to a maximum of £150."

How is it all to be done? The money required to pay up these stupendous benefits is not to be derived, for instance, from the people who join at the age of sixty-three, because—as we have already explained—they themselves are going to get £675 in return for contributions which, when totalled up, amount to just under £20!

Of course, the scheme can never work.

The Golden Chance!

A Philanthropic Offer

WE hardly know whether to admire Ernest Green and Co., stock and share brokers, of Church Lane, Hull, the more for their persistence or philanthropy.

Some months ago they advertised certain "excellent money-making opportunities," refraining from indicating their real profession, lest, no doubt, they be mistaken at first glance for a bucket-shop.

Hardly a present

The "money-making opportunities" transpired to be common-or-garden-share flutters on "fifteen day speculative accounts" with Messrs. Green.

Not all of those who hopefully replied to the advertisement decided that the offer was tantamount to a present from Hull.

One such ignored the letter from Messrs. Green and forgot about it. But Messrs. Green had no intention of letting the matter drop. The other day he received a further philanthropic offer.

"We assume," they wrote, "that when you replied to our advertisement of some time ago, your only motive was to make money [the sordid fellow!], though we have no doubt that this is still your desire and our only regret is that you have missed several opportunities . . . . whereby, had you chosen, you could have made handsome profits on a comparatively small outlay."

Then follow their "special advices to-day," relating to certain rubber shares.

They are sure that "these will have a good advance this next new account," and that on this "reliable advance information," there will be a good profit providing the so-far negligent gentleman acts without delay and sends his early instructions.

A poser

The letter ends with the following: "N.B.—We can answer any questions you care to write us."

Here is one. Will Ernest Green and Co. explain why, if outside brokers in Hull can afford to impart gilt-edged tips to complete strangers, inside brokers on the Stock Exchange should be so selfish?

A "Bullets" Bluffer

Who is Mr. Coggleton?

WHO is Mr. W. J. Coggleton? We can't find his name in "Who's Who," and he has not even been given a mention in JOHN BULL before. That, however, is our fault, and not his.

Just after it became known that two prizes of £1,000 each were to be offered for winning "Bullets," a reader of our paper received a strange communication from Mr. Coggleton.

It was enclosed in a registered envelope, and our reader thought on opening it that he must have won a prize in a competition.

Strange letter

The communication was on the notepaper of the Circle Publishing Company ("under the direction of Herbert W. Godsall"), of 21, Wigmore Street, London, W., described as "comprehensive competition specialists."

"DEAR MR. W——," ran the note, "I have a line to win one of the £1,000 prizes offered in next week's JOHN BULL for 'Bullets.' I cannot enter it. Will you agree to do so?

"If so, post me in enclosed envelope, P.O. 5s. as evidence of your good faith, and agree to pay me half of the prize money.

"I will then send you, for immediate entry, a *specially filled in coupon*.—Yours, in confidence,

"W. J. COGGLETON."

Idiotic and dishonest

Mr. Coggleton says that he "cannot enter" the competition himself. Why? The only persons who cannot enter for the "Bullets" prizes are employees of Odhams Press Ltd.

The implication is that Mr. Coggleton is in this category! He is not, nor is he ever likely to be.

Then there is the question of the "specially filled in coupon." Does he suggest that such a coupon will have preference over others? If so, we warn Mr. Coggleton that he is treading on dangerous ground.

And if anyone is not only idiotic enough to send him a postal-order, but dishonest enough to do so in the hope of sharing an illicit gain with Mr. Coggleton, he deserves a much more severe penalty than the loss of his five shillings!

Fee-Snatcher at Large

Flat-Seekers, Beware!

IT is time that the authorities checked the activities of a man known by the name of Webb, "trading" under the name of W. Rolands and Son, who is taking fees from a large number of flat-seekers.

Webb is very plausible and operates mainly among the poorer classes. His method is to advertise rooms and flats to let at rentals as low as 10s. per week.

A short time back, two sisters answered one of these advertisements, addressing their reply to Alwyne Villas, Canonbury, N., as required by the advertisement.

It was not until some weeks later that they received a communication from W. Rolands and Son, "auctioneers, estate-agents and business transfer agents," stating that their letter was having attention.

Alarming discovery

The note-heading bore an address in High Holborn, but this had been erased and a New Oxford Street address substituted. "The members of the firm," R. C. Webb and E. J. Wandle, F.L.A.A., were also printed on the letter.

A few days later, a well-spoken man called on the ladies, and telling them that he had very good and cheap accommodation available, induced them to part with £1.

The rents of the flats were so cheap, he explained, that the owners could not afford to pay commission and they had to get it from the incoming tenants. Naturally there was a promise to refund it if not suited.

The addresses of three alleged empty flats, one in Rochester Terrace, Camden Road, N.W., another in King's Road, N.W., and a third in Highgate Road, were given.

When the ladies went to view the places, they were shocked to learn that they were not to be let and that no instructions had been given to Rolands and Son to put them on their books.

One of the houses had been advertised at a newsagent's shop in Camden Road, and this was evidently how Webb got hold of the address.

Unfortunate reluctance

Enquiries revealed the fact that Webb, or whatever his real name may be, lived with his parents at Alwyne Villas, and that the ladies are not isolated victims.

As a matter of fact, flats are still being advertised by him in several local papers from Alwyne Villas, and the police are receiving complaints from persons who allege that they have paid their money, but without obtaining the accommodation they sought.

Webb's activities would have been nipped in the bud long ago, but for the reluctance of persons whose addresses he has used to come forward.

This is unfortunate, for his tactics must be suppressed immediately.

CROOK LAWYER'S TRICKS

AN OILY-TONGUED CHEAT

Bagsful of Aliases

IF by chance any of our readers should receive a visit from a person calling himself a solicitor, we advise them to harden their hearts and keep their weather-eye open.

If, in addition, the visitor should be a benignant person of middle-age, carrying a crook-handled stick, wearing a high collar with a semi-Bohemian stock tie, and has hands smaller than those of the average woman, it would be as well to hide the rent-money and lock up the baby's money-box.

The above description applies to one of the most astute and resourceful knaves at present enjoying an undeserved liberty. His real name is plain John Clarke, though it does not follow that he will introduce himself as such.

He is as full of aliases as a bag of monkeys is of mischief. Clarke's plan of campaign is to make preliminary investigation regarding the domestic or business affairs of the individuals whom he has noted on his list of possible victims.

Having done so, he invents an entirely original story to fit the particular case in hand.

Softening a blow

As a case in point, we will give the experience of a certain widow, living in Chatham, whose brother went to Australia many years ago.

The other week, the widow received a call from Mr. Clarke. He did not introduce himself by his proper name, but stated that he was no other than "Lawyer Scott of Somerset House."

His business, he said, was with reference to the property of the widow's brother. She had heard no tidings of him for many long years, and did not in fact know whether he was alive or dead.

"Lawyer Scott" regretfully informed her that the emigrant had indeed passed away, but contrived to soften the blow by announcing, while unfolding an impressive bundle of legal-looking papers, that he had left a very considerable fortune.

Since he had died intestate, the State were in a position to claim the lot, but the authorities, on hearing that he still had a sister alive in the Old Country, had decided as an act of grace to make an allotment of a comfortable £5,000 to be shared between the widow and her daughter.

Kindly offer

Before the claim could be admitted, however, certain legal formalities had to be gone through, necessitating the employment of a solicitor. He, "Lawyer Scott," would be glad to undertake these duties on her behalf, and, of course, there would be the question of fees.

The widow, who did not dare to question the good faith of the kind gentleman, agreed to pay the required sum. She did not have the money available, so "Lawyer Scott" departed, promising to return in two days' time.

He was as good as his word, and in due course collected the money which the widow had managed to borrow. She has never seen him since.

A few days later, the man with the crooked-handled stick appeared in Hampstead. He called on a certain shopkeeper who happened to be off the premises, a fact which the "lawyer" very well knew.

Disturbing news

His business was of so urgent a nature that the shopkeeper's wife, who was in charge, felt bound to attend to him.

It related, so the caller said, to a bill of sale for a substantial sum which the shopkeeper held against a loan advanced by him.

The bill of sale had fallen due, but the borrower had defaulted and it would be necessary for the shopkeeper to take possession of the goods and effects to which the bill related.

The bogus lawyer made the disturbing announcement that he was acting for a client who also held a bill of sale on the same effects, and that, therefore, one or other of the documents had been fraudulently negotiated by the borrower. Unless speedy action were taken, the Hampstead shopkeeper would lose everything.

There was one way out and that was to hurry through certain deeds which would prevent a foreclosure against the shopkeeper's interests.

The fees necessary were paid over by the startled woman in order to save her husband from a heavy loss.

And that was the end of that transaction.

Fraud on fraud

He does not always confine himself to obtaining money by posing as a solicitor!

Sometimes he goes to a well-appointed house and engages rooms. When left alone he then rifles the house and disappears with all the jewellery and other articles of value he can lay his hands upon.

Once, posing as an Excise officer from London, he took apartments in a provincial house and said he was going down to the station to give directions regarding the disposal of his luggage.

When he had gone he did not return, and the house-owner later discovered that he had disappeared with a haul of valuables.

On another occasion Clarke got to know the movements of a wealthy widow who owned a number of houses and, posing as her son, he visited the lady's various properties on the pretext of going over them on her behalf to see whether any repairs were necessary.

He departed from each with all the plunder he could conveniently obtain!

In one coup he even posed as a doctor, and, in order to meet his own ends, actually practised and advised in that capacity.

Mr. John Clarke

One of his "patients," however, recovered health and strength but lost several personal belongings as the result of Clarke's kindly attention.

A little while ago he became, for a time, a sanitary inspector and called upon working-class people living in the suburbs of provincial towns.

Explaining that he had been sent by the local borough council to look into the drainage system, he went about the various houses examining pipes, taps, etc.

In the end he said that the whole system was primitive and needed a thorough overhauling, and went away promising to recommend that workmen should be sent down at once.

The workmen never came, but the police did, to investigate the robberies he had perpetrated whilst acting in the role of a sanitary inspector!

Chequered career

Clarke played a peculiarly mean trick on a woman living apart from her husband. Resuming the role of solicitor he called on the lady and announced that he was acting for her husband who, already a fairly wealthy man, had just inherited a big legacy.

Although there was no call on the husband to do so, he had decided to make over a portion of the money to his wife.

And his generosity had been prompted by Clarke himself! Before the settlement could be made, certain deeds would have to be drawn up by the wife, and these would require fees.

The fees were paid to Clarke, who thereupon vanished.

John Clarke, who is a native of West Bromwich, and is extremely well educated, has had a long career of crime, having been convicted for various swindles in different places up and down the country.

Amongst his many aliases are those of "Stephen Clarke," "Fred Burke," "Wm. Denver," "George Jones" and "Lawyer Sharpe."

From the description which we have already given, he should be easily recognised, and if intended victims act promptly enough they can depend on the police to do the rest.

A STAGE "DRY-UP"

"UNCLE" GETS THE DRUMS!

A Collapsible Circus

ENTICING schemes are put forward, and many are attracted thereby, to find to their cost how hollow were the claims. But why should the promoters be allowed to continue?

MR. W. HARLEY, of 18, Brunswick Square, London, S.E., is a master stage-carpenter who, in the course of a long experience, has occupied many important positions.

Amongst the various theatrical people for whom he has worked are such leading artistes as Miss Phyllis Dare, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Mr. Jack Hulbert and Sir Alfred Butt.

In the early spring of this year, he got in touch with a gentleman named B. Camplin-Smith, who was the manager of a concern called the "Eastern Touring Market," of 1, Adelaide Street, Strand, W.C.

Mr. Camplin-Smith explained that it was proposed to take a show up and down the country called the "Touring Palais de Danse," which was to be a kind of circus and dance show combined.

A rush job

His object in seeing Mr. Harley was to ask him to undertake the work of constructing a movable stage and a dance-floor.

Mr. Harley agreed to do this, and Mr. Camplin-Smith thereupon introduced him to a Mr. George Gordon, who was the proprietor of the "Eastern Touring Market," and who urged him to get to work without delay.

There was little time to lose. As the "Touring Palais de Danse" was due to open at St. Albans on the following Monday, and as Mr. Harley only received his final instructions on the preceding Friday afternoon, the job was necessarily a "rushed" one.

Hardly had he commenced work, however, than he discovered that all was not well with the Gordon finances.

First of all, there was trouble in getting the necessary timber (as the timber-merchants refused to accept the cheque in lieu of ready cash), whilst the workmen employed on the job were kept hanging about for their pay.

Finally, however, after advancing some money himself and working day and night, Mr Harley managed to complete the work in time.

At this stage in the proceedings, a third gentleman appeared upon the scene, a Mr. Gene Morelle. Mr. Morelle was the leading drummer of the "Touring Palais de Danse."

The show that failed

To cut a long story short, the "Touring Palais de Danse" did not pay, as the production was not half so brilliant as the much-coloured advance posters made it out to be.

Although it was supposed to be a circus and dance-show combined, the posters depicting all sorts of performing animals, there was not so much as a stage-cat in the whole concern.

Therefore it played to very little business at St. Albans and at Luton the following week was a worse "draw" still.

In the end Mr. Morelle had to pawn his drums to meet pressing liabilities; the gentleman who had supplied the marquee in which the show was staged suddenly had it taken away because he had a queer feeling that it might be levied upon for rent, and Mr. Gordon came up to London.

Mr. Harley and a number of artistes who had been engaged by Gordon were left entirely without money, and with the privilege of having to get back to their homes the best way they could.

Mr. Hugh Roberts, Secretary of the National Association of Theatrical Employees

Mr. Fred Earl, for example, who does a "double-turn" with his wife under the style of "Earl and Earl," had a contract signed by Mr. Gordon to appear at £7 a week. After the *débâcle* at Luton he had to leave his landlady unpaid.

Broken promises

Getting back to London, he made daily calls upon Mr. Gordon at the Adelaide Street office, but, as was the case with the other artistes involved, he got nothing there save empty excuses.

Finally, after days and weeks of weary waiting, Mr. Earl received a communication from Gordon which conveyed the glad tidings that a company was being formed to reconstruct the show and promising that "immediately this is through, you and the others will be paid at once."

To this day Mr. Earl and "the others" are still waiting.

Mr. Harley, who alone has a claim against Gordon for £40, grew so tired of Gordon's broken promises that he recently went to the National Association of Theatrical Employees for advice.

Mr. Hugh Roberts, the general secretary of the latter organisation, readily took up the matter. But after getting an admission from Gordon—who is also known by the name of "R. Wood"—that the claim was in order, he has been unable to do anything further, as Gordon is apparently without assets!

How is it that such people of straw can take a show like this on tour, leaving their artistes and employees to suffer when the crash comes?

THE PHOTO FAKER

A SUEDE-GLOVE SWINDLER

Cad but not Cadby

FRAUDS that have been practised for years are still successful. They are presented in various ways and still find dupes. It is more than ever necessary to be watchful

A PLAUSIBLE swindler, who is inseparable from a smart-looking attaché-case and a pair of suède gloves, is at present engaged upon a widespread scheme for parting housewives from their money.

He has many aliases, and has lately gone by the name of Henry Gordon. The fact that complaints are being received concerning him by the police in all parts of the country shows clearly that his frauds are not confined to any particular area.

Mr. Henry Gordon makes a house-to-house tour and, with the aid of some elaborate printed matter, endeavours to centre the interest of his victims upon a company which he states he represents.

Address that helped

According to his story, Mr. Henry Gordon is the chief traveller of the "Artistic Studios," of Cadby Hall, Kensington.

And if people have not heard of the "Artistic Studios," they have most certainly heard of Cadby Hall, which, of course, is the headquarters of the world-famous catering firm of Messrs. J. Lyons, Ltd.

Mr. Gordon, indeed, makes quite a lot of this important address, and there is little doubt that it greatly assists him in nailing his victims.

The "Artistic Studios," Mr. Gordon relates, is engaged upon an entirely new form of photography, and is able to reproduce enlargement photographs as they have never been reproduced before.

Whilst the "Artistic Studios" give the fullest attention to all orders, Mr. Gordon emphasises the fact that his company specialises in reproducing enlarged photographs of those dear ones who have departed.

During the past month or two, Mr. Gordon has been particularly busy in the districts surrounding Chiswick, Hammersmith and Earlsfield, where victims have been gathered into his net by the score. A typical case will show exactly how he works.

Personal favour

He called upon a widow whose husband had been killed in the war. At first she tried politely to turn him away, but, discovering that a firmly placed foot was installed between the step and the door, she was obliged to listen to Gordon's oratory.

Maybe, he mused, gradually obtaining her confidence, she already had a photograph of her dead husband. But was there not a little snap, taken in some happy mood, which would look nice if properly reproduced?

Considering the modern process employed by the famous "Artistic Studios" of Cadby Hall, the price was, after all, extremely cheap.

Mr. Gordon further explained that he was not supposed to accept orders under a guinea or 25s., but as he could see that the widow in question was poor, he would agree—as a favour to her—to undertake the work for the modest sum of 8s. 6d.

The same old tale

Completely taken in by his superb rhetoric, the widow paid. She got a receipt, upon a blank slip of paper that can be purchased in cheap books at 6d. a hundred, and parted with her snap—the only one she had. After this, Mr. Gordon parted from her—for good.

The day of promised delivery came and went. When the widow realised that she had been swindled she went to the local police station.

But the news she received there was not at all gratifying. Scores of others had been similarly victimised.

Mr. Gordon's idea may be old, but it bristles with new ideas. For enquiries at Cadby Hall elicit the fact that he has no office there at all, and has entirely misused its good name for the sole purpose of impressing his dupes.

And it is not always Cadby Hall. Sometimes the address he gives is in King Street, Hammersmith, which, too, is just as improperly used.

Mr. Henry Gordon, moreover, holds the unique position of being the king of photographic swindlers. He has lived by preying upon people in this way for many years.

He has told the same tale so often, and has worked the same scheme so successfully, that no other crook can ever hope to outrival him to any real degree.

A bad record

His real name is Benjamin Levy, and he is an East End Jew. There is a tremendous dossier about him at Scotland Yard, where he figures very prominently in the Rogues' Gallery.

His aliases are endless, and those most recently used are Franks, Leonards, Benjamin, Edwards and Barclay.

Not very long ago he was arrested and sent to prison for robbing a number of people in the same sort of way. On this occasion, when his apartments were searched, nearly three score of photographs belonging to victims were discovered.

The money he had received respecting them was, of course, not to be found. It had been spent by Gordon as easily as it had been obtained.

The sentence he received at Leeds is not, by any means, his only one. As a matter of fact, he has been in and out of jail on many occasions for various types of crime.

It is clear, therefore, that Scotland Yard has an obvious duty before it—to unearth this rogue and put him out of harm's way for the lengthy spell he so richly deserves through his persistent and callous frauds.

IF we have war in our hearts not all the covenants and conferences that the wit of statesmen can devise will delay for a single hour the coming of the final catastrophe. There can be no peace on earth to men of ill-will.

The Barking Boneheads

by **ESME WINGFIELD-STRATFORD, D.Sc., M.A.**

FEW of us who have come through the ordeal of the World War are such madmen or devils as to wish for another. We are all, to a certain extent, pacifists. But to give lip-homage to peace is one thing and to seek it consistently and without reservation is another and much rarer one.

Some of those who are loudest in their denunciations of war are those who are merely trying to get rid of one form of war, that between nations, in order to clear the way for one even more openly suicidal between classes.

After the spectacle that we had last year of our hard-pressed mining industry bleeding itself to death for the benefit of its foreign competitors, one would have thought that even the most pig-headed employer and the most obstinate workman would have realised that the only way to prosperity lies through industrial peace, and yet to a great many leaders who ought to be responsible the mere mention of industrial peace is like a red rag to a bull.

Only the other day, the president of one of our great trade unions was publicly expressing a desire that all talk of industrial peace should stop, as if the intensive cultivation of envy, hatred, strife and all uncharitableness were an excellent way of punishing the King's Ministers for an unpopular piece of legislation.

Certainly, if there is a devil, and if we can imagine him as having been anywhere within earshot of this worthy gentleman, a sulphurous "Hear, hear!" must have mingled with whatever applause greeted these words.

The mote and the beam

We talk of Prussianism as if it were something foreign to ourselves, something that we killed for good and all in the war. And yet we, just as much as pre-war Germany, have our bombastic war-lords, our fire-eating propagandists, our advocates of war as a good thing in itself.

Only because the war is to be waged between brothers and fellow-countrymen, because the strangle-hold of its hunger blockade is to be on our throats instead of the foreigner's, it is, for some inscrutable reason, supposed not to count as war at all.

That notorious maxim of a German professor, "The good war justifies every cause," is sane and respectable compared with the Bolshevik slogan during the general strike, "Fight like devils."

It is not only one class or party that is infected with this poison of the war-spirit. If we have our reds, we have equally our whites, not to speak of a sprinkling of black shirts. We have those among us whose only remedy for social discontent is not to abolish the appalling misery from which it is bred, but to force it beneath the surface by denying it the means of expression.

Few of us, even the most violent partisans, are without occasional glimpses of another and a better way, one of co-operation and mutual sympathy in place of strife and bitterness.

A noble gesture

Even that sturdy Yorkshireman, Mr. Herbert Smith, the toughest of all the miners' leaders, was moved, during the course of some recent experiments dealing with pit explosions, to say, indicating a leading mineowner, "Him and me have got to be friends."

As noble a gesture, in its way, as that of the Prince of Wales who, when the coal strike was at its height, gave a subscription towards the relief of the miners' families.

If only we could approach our social problems in this spirit, they would no doubt vanish like dawn mists before the rising sun.

But if we make a habit of seeing the worst instead of the best in the other fellow, if we cultivate a delight in vanquishing or humiliating or getting the best of people, we shall assuredly, sooner or later, lie crushed beneath the ruins of that civilisation whose foundations we have undermined.

Anything short of a complete change of heart and mind will not avail. The noblest of all family mottoes, that of the Nevills, runs, as nearly as it can be translated, "Don't want what is base."

Pathetic spectacle

Most of the evil in the world has come because we have wanted it to come—upon each other. And till we give up wanting it, it will stay. The Christian maxim, "Love thy neighbour as thyself," is thus the dictate of the most elementary common-sense.

"But man," the devil's advocate will plead, "is by nature a combative animal." To a certain extent, perhaps, but then man is also a co-operative animal, and it should be the whole object of education—a process that should never cease from the cradle to the grave—to develop the co-operative at the expense of the combative side of our nature.

One of the most pathetic spectacles I have ever seen was that of a tiny girl being taught to play hide-and-seek by her nurse. She was told to take some object and hide it while the nurse was out of the room. But so soon as the nurse returned and started looking about, the poor child could not understand that the game was not to help but to baffle.

She got terribly distressed at seeing the wrong places being searched, and would insist on crying out, "No, not there; look under the cushion, Nanny!" I shall never forget the wondering expression in her eyes when scolded for being a little idiot. It was her first lesson in the way of the world.

So it starts, and so it goes on, this process of deliberately stimulating the old combative Adam, and suppressing the new man in us who is not a fighter but a helper.

Throwing mud

The little boy who writes upon a wall, "Billy Jones is a fool" (and who, in the whole immense literature of walls, has ever read anything to the advantage of Billy Jones?) is father to the man who refers to Germans as Huns, rich men as "fat," trades' union officials as paid agitators, and so on through all the gamut of evil and question-begging nicknames.

During the South African War, the Kaffir drivers of ox-waggons had an evil practice of naming their poor labouring beasts after the various Boer generals, as an excuse for thrashing them with patriotic vigour.

Before we blame them, it would be as well to make sure that we are not, day in, day out, doing exactly the same thing, daubing our neighbours with mud in order to put them outside the pale of human kindness and fair play.

Read any of our consistent party journals. By an easy selection one might come to believe that we were living in a world entirely peopled by fools and scoundrels, a world in which everybody who draws dividends is a bald and nearly spherical ogre in a top hat much too small for him; in which all strikers go about in gangs of degenerate

Esme Wingfield-Stratford, D.Sc., M.A.

hooligans, shaking fists and sticks at defenceless women; in which politicians, as such, are in a state of chronic imbecility relieved by flashes of knavery; in which the sons of Abraham are knit together in some dark but awful plot against Christian civilisation; in which foreigners, not content with swindling us out of our trade, are maturing schemes for raiding our shipping, bombarding our cities and partitioning our Empire.

Blackguards' work

Therefore, it is argued, dividends should be confiscated, strikers suppressed, politicians replaced by other politicians, Jews baited, and we should arm to the teeth against foreigners. From argument we proceed to action against each other, and therefore against ourselves.

This poison not only infects our relations with our fellow-men, but even with our fellow-creatures of the brute creation.

It may well be that our descendants of an age truly civilised may wonder what manner of men their fathers were who could take pleasure in such blackguards' work as that of painfully doing to death the lovely stag, the gallant otter or the timid hare; who could condescend to such lunacy as that of importing foxes into a district in order to have the fun of hunting them.

It is the same instinct that finds delight in plunging bayonets into living flesh or the poisoned dagger of detraction into living souls.

One thing is certain. A civilisation such as ours can neither prosper nor endure unless we first civilise ourselves, which is the same thing as to say, unless we can abolish the supreme curse of war by plucking the roots of it out of our minds.

The war to wage

When we can scrap our hymns of hate, burn the scarecrows we have set up to stand for types of our opponents, and mobilise for the only war fit for men to wage, that against poverty and ugliness, cruelty and ignorance in all their forms. There is so little to be done by strife, so much to do by co-operation.

The word "slogan" is one that has acquired evil associations, but I should like to conclude the whole matter by borrowing one from Mr. Herbert Smith. Not the "Not a penny, not a minute" of unhappy memory, but that simple sentence I have already cited, "Him and me have got to be friends."

I, for one, prefer it in that form, hewn as it were from the scarred pit face.

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What is smoke?
Why is yawning catching?
Why does salt melt snow?
What is a thunderbolt?
What makes a bee hum?
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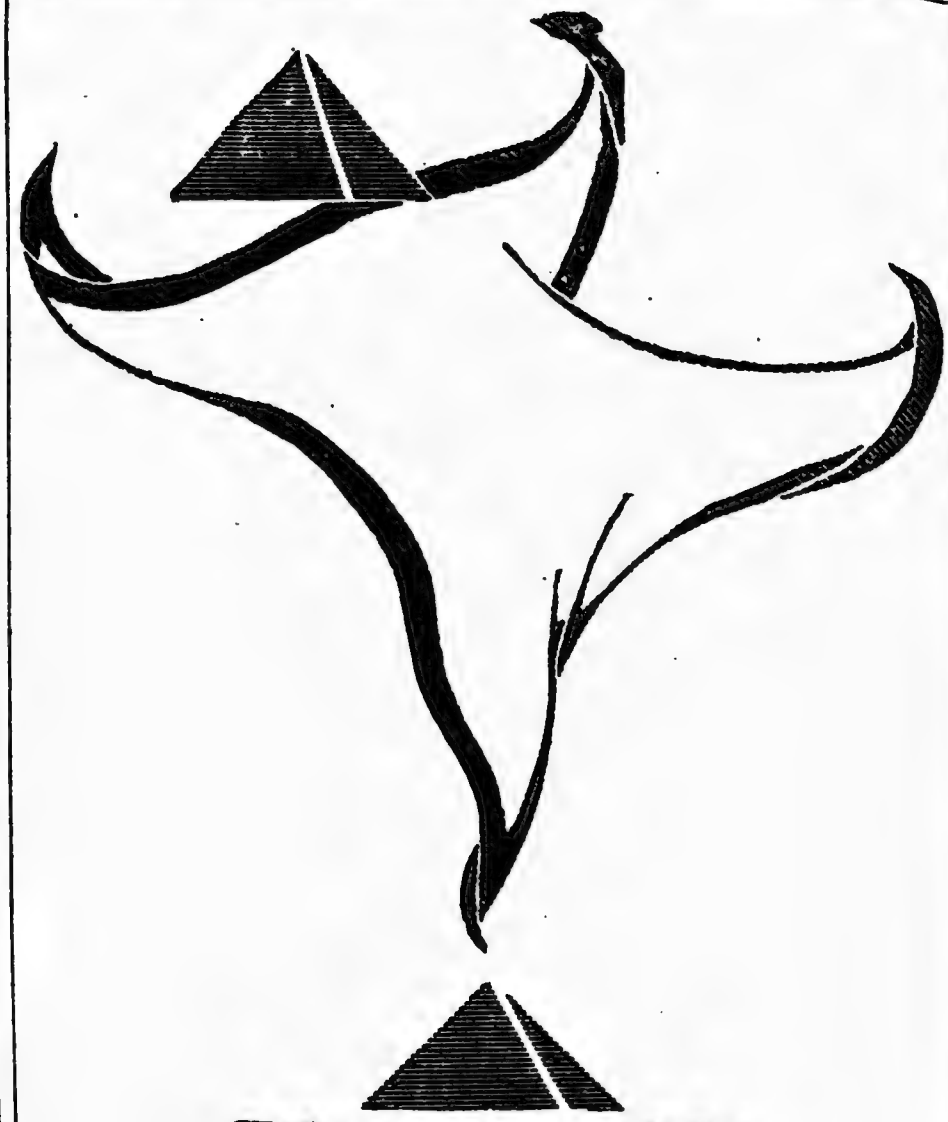

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To HIS MAJESTY THE KING,
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YOUR MAJESTY,—Not by regal show or conquest have you won your way into the hearts of the people, but by such human and kindly conduct as that displayed at a fête held at Balmoral on behalf of charity. A country whose Sovereign can roll up his sleeves and sell flowers to his subjects of all ranks is fortunate indeed. It is because you are so much of a man that you are so potent and popular a King. Personal service is your secret, affectionate homage your reward.

JOHN BULL.

To H.R.H. The DUKE of YORK, K.G., K.T.,
Piccadilly, W.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—As a result of your recent tour you are more than ever convinced that it should be the duty of a carefully chosen person to look after the human side of industrial enterprise, if administration is to run smoothly. I agree that welfare work cannot be regarded as a side issue. It is the lack of the human note that has led to so much and serious industrial trouble in the past. You, at any rate, recognise that "a man's a man for a' that," and his employer, whether an individual or a company, must recognise the fact.

JOHN BULL.

To Herr STRESEMANN,
Berlin.

DEAR SIR,—In your announcement of Germany's willingness to sign the optional clause providing that all future differences shall be referred to the International Court of Arbitration at The Hague, your fellow-countrymen believe that a great step forward to world peace has been taken. So do men of good will in this and other countries. You have accomplished a fine piece of statesmanship.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. WALTER RUNCIMAN, M.P.,
Barton Street, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—Your recommendation to British manufacturers to tell the world that they make the best and cheapest goods, "even though they may have reason to doubt it," is a bit shallow. Loud boosting doesn't alter facts. If unbroken prosperity is a calamity for a nation a worse one is to lose markets, see millions drifting unemployed and not have the grit to find out what is the matter and mend it. Honesty, even in business, pays.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. LORD LINCOLNSHIRE, K.G.,
Prince's Gate, S.W.

MY LORD,—A very small band of pioneers started the great smallholding movement in South Lincolnshire, a movement which, in your opinion, must go far to settle the great agricultural question now before the country. I agree that there is no solution unless a very large number of workers are settled on the land. This, however, can only come about when the whole system of land tenure in this country is altered. The smallholding movement, good as it is, is only a beginning.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. L. S. AMERY, M.P.,
Colonial Secretary.

DEAR SIR,—I heartily approve of your method of taking a personal survey of the colonies during your long vacation. I cannot say the same of all your utterances overseas. For instance, when you assured the citizens of Pretoria "that there is no nation outside our Commonwealth, not even the mighty United States of America, whose status and dignity, whose influence and security, would not be enhanced if they were admitted to our partnership," you were indulging in mischievous boasting. The dignity of the British Empire is not enhanced by swashbuckling talk.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. A. DUFF COOPER, M.P.,
Gower Street, W.C.

DEAR SIR,—Lately you gave an address on "Conservative Ideals" at the I.L.P. Holiday School at Lancing Camp. I have always held that articles of faith should never be signed until one's opponents have been given a patient hearing, wherefore I congratulate the Labour authorities on inviting you to speak as heartily as I commend your decision to accept.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir MAX MUSPRATT,
Fulwood Park, Liverpool.

DEAR SIR,—Your fixed belief in our coming commercial prosperity should go far towards confounding pessimists. You claim that the chemical trade, with which you are so closely connected, is a sensitive barometer of the general position, and you are convinced that England is going ahead. Amen, say I.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. F. C. BODEN,
Collier, Chesterfield.

DEAR SIR,—Writing of your "Pithead Poems," Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch says: "This boy sings fiercely, demanding air and light. But he sings for those who have ears to hear." And you yourself testify: "The suffering and ignorance I see about me make my heart ache. I hope to be a comforter—something of a saviour." It follows that you possess both the power and the motive, hence you should go far towards achieving your noble aim.

JOHN BULL.

To Police-Sergeant BEESLEY,
Lambeth Police Court.

DEAR SIR,—When the magistrate bound over a labourer whom you had charged with loitering for street betting, it transpired that you had found the man's wife in a state of starvation and had given her money out of your own pocket for food. "This," said the magistrate, "shows that a police officer is a human being after all." I, for one, never doubted it. I have too constant evidence brought before me of the consistent kindness, in cases of need, of our police force.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JOSEPH H. SMITH,
Farm Worker, Boston, Lincs.

DEAR SIR,—Hearty congratulations on having won the Buxton Memorial scholarship, tenable at Ruskin College, Oxford. You must be a young man of great application and considerable ability, since the examiners report that the first eight papers were of exceptional excellence. I confidently look to you to prove once more that it is possible to rise from the plough to pre-eminence.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. ROBERT R. HYDE,
Industrial Welfare Society.

DEAR SIR,—The movement to connect welfare with industry is spreading. You receive visitors from India, Austria, Australia and Germany, all anxious to solve the problems of industrial relationship. You find unmistakable evidence that at heart men are seeking peace, stability and understanding in the industrial world. If industry is based upon justice and stimulated by good will these desirable results cannot fail to come about.

JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

MAJOR KNOWLES:—"It is a dangerous doctrine to preach that work and industry are something objectionable."

But more dangerous to leave a million men without the chance of work and industry.

* * *

DR. H. J. D. ASTLEY:—"No scientist to-day denies the statement 'in the beginning God.'"

Will his work help him to admit the statement "in the end God"?

* * *

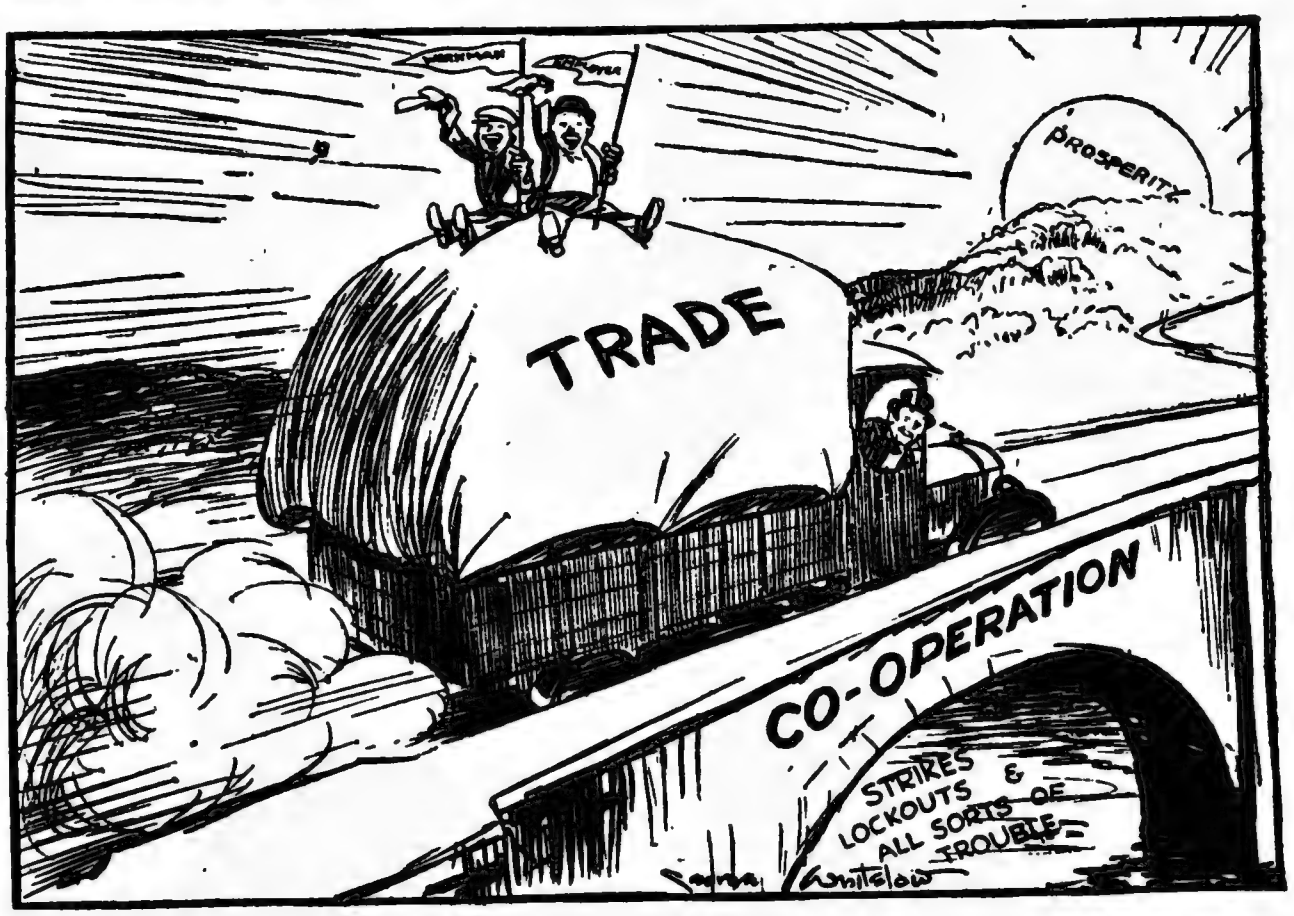
DR. J. A. BOWIE:—"If workers are to become capitalists they ought first to be made savers."

Always supposing they have work and the opportunity to earn enough to save.

* * *

MR. R. BUTTERWORTH, C.B.E.:—"If (rubber) consumption follows a normal course it will tax the enterprise and ingenuity of producers to keep pace with it."

The problem of production of any commodity will be solved when science takes its eyes off death and invents for purposes of life.



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Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

A SATANIC SIDE-SPLIT

THE MINISTRY OF MEANNESS

Mulcting the Maimed

THERE is no greater scandal in the country than the parsimonious and niggardly way in which the Ministry of Pensions persists in treating disabled ex-soldiers.

It can hardly be wondered if those to whom the glowing promises that "A grateful country will never forget you" have become but a bitter memory are growing increasingly cynical as the years go by.

There is scarcely a department of the Ministry of Pensions that is not open to the severest censure and criticism. The Ministry in any case is damned out of hand by the mere fact that JOHN BULL has to maintain a special department to fight the disabled men's battles for them and that, had it not been for JOHN BULL, thousands of pounds of arrears of pensions would never have been paid to this day.

It is when we consider the cases of those who have suffered amputation that the amazing scandal of the Ministry comes to light.

Surely a man who lost an arm or leg in the service of his country might with some justice expect his "grateful" country to see to it that he got his pension without a vast amount of the most extraordinary quibbling as to the exact number of inches of the amputated limb left to him.

PRIOR to September 3, 1919, this was roughly the course adopted, but on that date some great brain in the Ministry of Pensions discovered a most glorious quibble and an ingenious way of saving a few pounds for the "grateful" country at the expense of those who had suffered in its service.

As from September 3, 1919, the amount a disabled man got as pension depended not on the fact that he had had a limb amputated, but on the actual length, measured in inches, of the remaining stump!

Humanity boggles at the callous ingenuity of the brain that invented that. If it is not too tragic for laughter it must be a matter of cynical amusement for a man to realise that the question of one-eighth of an inch may make all the difference between a pension of 70 per cent. or a pension of 60 per cent.! Certainly to the ordinary man it must appear as though hell itself were ringing with the laughter of Satan and his satellites that such things can be.

When the new rates came into force it is obvious that the Ministry should have at once automatically reviewed all amputation cases; but this was not done. Consequently a large number of men are still not aware of their rights.

It has always been an established practice of the Ministry of Pensions to leave men to find out as best they can to what they are entitled instead of doing the just thing and informing them of their rights.

BETWEEN January 1 and June 6 of this year the Ministry of Pensions has been forced by JOHN BULL to pay out over £1,300 in arrears of pensions money to which the men who got it had every legal and moral right, and which they should have obtained automatically without our intervention.

Evidently the Ministry of Pensions did not like this, because it very soon began to look round for a reason to enable it to evade payment of arrears. And by a series of disgraceful quibbles it has recently wriggled out of such payments.

We do not hesitate to categorise the Ministry's attitude towards men who lost their limbs in the service of their country as a downright swindle.

It should not be a question of quibbling. It should be a question of the country giving, and giving gladly, to these men that to which they are entitled.

That is why we ask any armless or legless men whose limbs were amputated before September 3, 1919, to make sure whether or not they are entitled to an increased rate of pension or arrears from that date.

Our Pensions Expert, who has already recovered large sums for many readers, will be only too glad to deal with any enquiries from men who are still in doubt.

If the Minister of Pensions cannot do his duty voluntarily we will see if we cannot make him.

The Rt. Hon. Major G. C. Tryon, M.P., Minister of Pensions

MR. COOK TAKES THE COUNT

A Well-merited Rebuke

IF we were asked, in one short sentence, to sum up the outstanding characteristics of the British working man, we should do it in the words "Reliability and level-headedness."

Of Labour's present leaders the president of the Scottish miners is an outstanding example of the best type. He is not easily excited. He thinks before he speaks and weighs his words.

Therefore, it really meant something when at the recent Trades Union Congress Mr. Robert Smillie rose to his feet and in round terms denounced Mr. A. J. Cook as a liar. The immediate accusation against the Scottish miners' leaders of "running with the hare and hunting with the hounds" was more nonsensical than pernicious.

But it did act as the spark that set fire to the gunpowder. Mr. Cook's insult was the culminating point of a long series of taunts and irritations to which hard-working Labour leaders, as distinct from the shouting, vindictive variety, have been subjected.

And they are tired of it. British labour, in the mass, has no use for agitation, noise and froth that is all flurry and bluster and leads them nowhere. They prefer reasonable negotiation to ruthless, cruel war.

This was put very clearly at the congress by Mr. Smillie himself. "I have never encouraged strikes in the mining industry for the fun of having strikes," he declared. "I have been willing at all times to negotiate either on the claim put forward by the miners or in opposing a claim put forward by the employers."

In short, Mr. Smillie claimed to have done the very best he could to protect the interests of his own people and never to have given way an inch.

How he and other reasonable Labour leaders are to do this without entering into association with employers, or even sharing an occasional meal with them, the fire-eaters do not explain. Nor is their opinion of much interest.

What we are concerned to emphasise is the tone of the British Labour movement as a whole. It is summed up by Mr. J. Beard of the Workers' Union. The man in the workshop wants his leaders to get right down to negotiations and knows they will not get far by abusing the employer before they start.

Any fool can start a strike, but it takes courage and common-sense to settle one. This is the real mind of organised labour. If employers meet it in the same spirit, peace in the industrial world is already won.

MILK AGAIN!

The Great Mystery

IN common with all mammals milk is the first food of man. If he dies in normal circumstances it is also certain to be his last.

That is to say, that for all young children, invalids and old people milk is an essential article of diet.

Children thrive on milk; without milk they languish. Infants denied milk must die. It is therefore of the first importance that the milk-supply of a country be abundant, pure and cheap.

Until we have very different land laws in this country the supply of fresh milk will never be really abundant. The question of purity is being attacked and some progress, though not very much, is being made.

There remains the question of price, left severely alone for the most part.

The poor, in town or country, must feed their children on restricted measure. They cannot afford to give them the quantities of fresh rich milk every child should have. Yet cheap milk, and good, is being produced in this country.

In this respect the experience of the Nantwich Guardians is illuminating. Requiring milk for their workhouse and hospitals, they invited tenders.

In reply they were offered milk for the next six months at 4½d. a quart.

Mr. John Walley, himself a farmer, was very sorry only one tender had been received, because the price offered, 4½d. a quart, "was 1½d. a gallon more than was paid for many thousands of gallons of milk which Cheshire farmers sent to London."

In view of that fact poor mothers may be excused if they wish the cows that supply the milk were a little nearer their doors, for between what they pay and Cheshire farmers get there is a great gulf fixed.

A Statesman's Sin

by A. G. GARDINER

THE Government goes from bad to worse. It and the Foreign Secretary have dragged Britain's prestige in the dust. The Government has given the League of Nations a worse blow than even its worst enemies could have wished

The Rt. Hon. Sir Austen Chamberlain, M.P., Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs

IF you were among those who "listened in" to Sir Austen Chamberlain's speech at Geneva you will not need to be told of the icy silence in which it was heard. M. Briand had spoken amid thunders of applause and approval. Herr Stresemann had been hardly less cordially heard.

Sir Austen spoke throughout amid a silence that could be almost felt even over the wireless. It was the silence not of an appreciative but of an uncomfortable and unhappy audience, being lectured by a dictatorial "dominie," and too civil to make interruption or comment.

There are some silences which are more eloquent than any speech, and this was one of them. It registered the low-water mark of our place in the Assembly and the zero point of our position in the League of Nations.

It is the natural sequel to Lord Cecil's retirement from the Government. With his retirement the only real friend of the League (except Mr. Baldwin, who hardly counts) has left the Ministry and the leadership of that institution has passed to other hands.

Our hands full

It may survive. I think it will survive. But if it survives it will survive not because of the help of this country, but in spite of its frigid and nominal support.

It used to be said of the subject of a famous song that it was not "the things 'e sez, but the 'arsty way 'e sez 'em" which gave offence. Something of the same sort may be said of Sir Austen's speech.

With the matter of that speech most of us are in agreement. In the present state of things I think we are wise in not entering into any more military liabilities in Europe. We have guaranteed the peace of the Rhine against the aggression either of France or Germany.

We have done that in order to make it possible for France and Germany each to feel secure against the other and as the result of security to become friends. If that end is achieved the risk we take is worth the price, for if Britain, France and Germany can outlaw war among themselves the peace of Europe is established.

The cold douche

The time may come, and I hope will come, when the League will be able to guarantee the general peace, and when a war between States in Europe will be as unthinkable as is a war between separate States in America. But we have not reached that phase yet, and we shall not reach it until we have established the moral authority of the League and its power of economic pressure in the cause of peace.

And it is this moral authority that is being sapped and undermined by the temper and action of Sir Austen Chamberlain. His speech at Geneva was the culmination of his policy of freezing the spirit of the League and dissociating this country from all its fine and hopeful enthusiasm.

His declaration that he put the British Empire before the League was a mischievous blunder. If he meant that he was concerned primarily for the interest of his own country, he was saying something that did not need saying.

But if he meant that the British Empire and the League of Nations were potential rivals he was saying something that was not true and that revealed his insensibility to the whole spirit and purpose of the League.

The British Empire and the League are not rivals, any more than the French Republic and the League are rivals, or the German Republic and the League are rivals.

The only issue

The purpose of Geneva is to bring the nations together for the promotion of their common interests, the establishment of their common security, the settlement of their disagreements, the abolition of competitive armaments and the substitution of the reign of law for the reign of war.

Of course we, as Britishers, put the British Empire first in our calculations. It is because we are concerned for the future of the British Empire that we say with Lord Cecil that a world organised for peace is the only political issue that matters.

For what is the real alternative. If the League goes to the wall, and with it all hope of abolishing competitive armaments, then we are face to face with a universal plunge into barbarism. Europe will split into two camps and prepare for the next war. No one can say who in that scramble will be allies and who will be enemies.

One of the Paris papers, commenting on Sir Austen's speech, forecasts that the struggle will be between Germany and France on the one side and Great Britain and Italy on the other.

For nothing is more certain than that in any future war France and Italy will be found in opposite camps.

And assuming the Paris forecast right where would America be in such a conflict? Is it likely she would be on the side of the country with which she is now openly at issue on the subject of sea power?

Ominous shudder

Thanks largely, as Lord Cecil has shown, to the obdurate attitude of the British Government, we have now an open breach with America which if it continues would be fatal to our cause in any European collision. And if, unfortunately, that happened, what of Canada? Canada is our hostage to America.

It is these terrific possibilities that should govern our policy in regard to the League, which is the only protection against another explosion compared with which the Great War would be a *bagatelle*.

Truly seen, the only foe of the League is the Russian Soviet. If the League fails, Europe will lapse into Bolshevism. That is why Moscow is so bitterly hostile to the League. It sees in it the bulwark of organised European capitalism, just as we see in it the bulwark of organised European peace.

With these great issues at stake, what sense or even sanity is there in the path which Sir Austen and the Government are treading in regard to the League? In three years they have lost us all the prestige which they inherited at Geneva.

We are no longer looked to as the driving-power of the League. We have become, under the influence of Sir Austen, the common scold and wet blanket of the League.

We refuse to arbitrate and we bungle our disarmament conference, and at the end the Foreign Minister of this country is heard in the Assembly in a silence that sends an ominous shudder through Europe.

Are we becoming a nation of snobs? It really looks as if we were. And a bad time indeed it will be when it arrives!

The Sno

I WAS sauntering along the road. Almost abreast of me were two girls. An elderly woman was coming towards us. As her boot toes were badly worn and her skirt, knee-high, was patched, I placed her as a charwoman or cleaner.

Mr. A. F. Holt

We had barely passed, certainly the elderly woman was not out of earshot, when one of the girls shrieked—the art of talking quietly appears to be dying out—"Pipe the old Jane's skirt? Isn't it a blot on the landscape?" And the other girl shrieked back, "And her hat! Wasn't it deliciously obscene!"

I do not quote this because of the slang—its ugliness is naked—but because it illustrates an attitude the youth of to-day commonly strikes.

The two girls, in spite of their slang, obviously belonged to what are known as the "better classes." They lived on the labour of others. They would find it a difficult job to justify their continued existence.

The charlady *worked*. She was a useful member of society. Yet the drones could sneer at the worker without realising how abominable in its essence is such a sneer.

IT is just the same with youths. I have seen a group of them laugh at a black-faced miner on his way home from the pit. Had the truth been put to them, that that miner was a far more useful member of society than ever they were likely to become, no doubt they would have laughed still more.

Manual labour, even skilled labour, the labour without which civilisation could not continue to exist, is looked down upon not merely by the people who do not do it, but by the people who do it, and who grumble at the fate which has condemned them to earn a livelihood in such an unhonoured way.

They show what they think of the work by

The Man Who Risked It!

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

PEACE in industry and industrial co-operation between employer and employed is not a thing that can be imposed by Act of Parliament. It ultimately rests on the individuals concerned approaching each other in friendliness instead of with enmity

THE immediate result of the Trades Union Congress, at which a gesture towards a better understanding between employers and employed was given, has been a suggestion by Lord Londonderry that the Government should invite the leading employers and the trade union officials to a conference which would have as its sole object the promotion of good-will in industry.

I have not a word to say against such a suggestion. The more people talk good-will and co-operation, whether it is individually or round a conference table, the sooner we are likely to achieve it.

Such a conference, whether or no it did good, could not by any means do any harm.

I do not myself think that good-will in industry will ever be achieved by conferences. You cannot impose good-will by Act of Parliament. You cannot make people friendly and willing by trade union rules and regulations.

If we are ever to achieve a real spirit of co-operation in industry it will have to be done in the individual shop, in the individual factory, in the individual workshop.

It is not ultimately a case of "majority ruling." It is really a case of individual effort. It is a case of the individual employer and the individual workman doing their best for each other and agreeing to be friends instead of enemies.

The Golden Rule

You have probably never heard of Mr. Nash of America. Certainly you will not readily see that there is any connection between Mr. Nash and the suggestion of Lord Londonderry.

But the story of Mr. Nash has a very pertinent bearing on this question of industrial good-will.

Mr. Nash must surely be the greatest man in the world. At the end of 1918 he came to the conclusion that the essence of business was the Golden Rule, that successful business depended on doing unto others as you would that others should do unto you.

He was a wholesale tailor and business was doing badly. His total capital was only some £15,000. During the year he had lost a thousand of it. He resolved to abandon tailoring and buy a farm, when someone persuaded him to buy a small business which had previously worked for him.

The first thing he did was to look at the pay-sheets. He was horrified. He could not, in view of his beliefs, go on paying such sweated wages to workpeople who now worked for him.

So he went into the workshop and told the amazed employees that all their wages were raised—and raised they were, in some cases by as much as 300 per cent.

Passing it on

He had satisfied his soul, but he was by no means sure that he had done a good business deal. In fact, he went off to look over the farm which he was still convinced he would have to buy.

Weeks later he returned and went into his accounts to see how much money he had lost. To his utmost astonishment he found he had not only not lost money but he had made money.

The output had improved, the quality had improved, and during the course of the next year his sales multiplied by four. Twice more he raised his workers' wages of his own accord; yet still the profits came, and by the end of the year on his capital of £15,000 he had made not less than £10,000 profit.

He put his profits into his business, which went on expanding and expanding. But Mr. Nash, carrying out his theory of the Golden Rule, was not satisfied to let it rest there. He insisted that his workpeople should now be given a profit-sharing basis in his business.

Still he worked by the Golden Rule. It was those who had worked longest who got the most shares; in fact, some of the worst-paid workers actually got more shares in the business than did some of his managers.

Mr. Nash was simply treating his employees as he wished them to treat him, and he had not long to wait for his reward. In 1920 America suffered a severe trade depression. On all hands mills and factories were closed.

The Marquess of Londonderry, K.G., who recently suggested a conference to promote industrial good-will

So successfully had Mr. Nash proved the practicability of the Golden Rule that his employees actually suggested of their own accord that the price of the clothing they made should be reduced because so many people could not afford the old prices, and that they were doing this to find work for as many unemployed tailors as possible.

Marvellous result

They did not ask Mr. Nash to bear the cost of this reduction. They proposed that their wages should be reduced all round and that they should "stand off" for three months in the year without pay if that was necessary to enable Mr. Nash to employ people who were out of work.

It was not necessary. Prices were reduced as the workpeople suggested, and more workpeople were taken on. In fact, a new factory was opened even in the midst of this severe depression.

And the result of this whole-hearted co-operation between employers and workers was that during the year the sales from Mr. Nash's factory went up threefold.

The next year sales rose to the full capacity of the existing factory. More accommodation was obtained and again the sales rose.

By now the shares the workpeople held in Mr. Nash's business amount to 67 per cent. of the total capital. And if they wished they could control the business for themselves.

All this reads like a fairy tale. But it is not a fairy tale. It is a perfectly sober account of what actually happened in one factory because the employer set the example and brought his workpeople to see the advantages of pulling together.

The parrot cry

A tremendous lot of trade union officials and trade union members scoff at industrial co-operation because they repeat, parrot-like, that it cannot be done.

Well, Mr. Nash is a living refutation of any such idea. He is admittedly a unique case. If every employer in this country adopted Mr. Nash's methods to-morrow I do not suggest that every employer would reap the same immediate and astonishing results.

What I do say is that if every individual employer and every individual worker set to work in the spirit of Mr. Nash there would not only be no need for Lord Londonderry's conference, there would very soon be no need for those aspects of trade unionism that have turned a useful organisation into a real menace to industry.

Factory

by ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT

which they live by refraining, if there is any possible alternative, from placing their sons at the same trade.

THEY do not want their sons to have to take their coats off to a job. They would rather see them with a collar than with a sweat-rag. Dungarees have no chance against tweeds. Pen-pushing is more honoured than pen-making.

The result of it all is that the rising generation contains a remarkably high percentage of snobs. Sons and daughters adopt their fathers' attitude towards manual labour, with this difference—they identify the worker with the work.

Taught to assume that to work with the hands is beneath them, they unconsciously assume that the people who work with their hands are also beneath them, and that assumption is the cause of many minor tragedies.

In this way. The father takes his coat off to his job. The children belong to the black-coated brigade. The children have had the schooling their parents missed. They begin first to criticise their progenitors, afterwards to patronise them, and not seldom end with despising them or being ashamed of them. That is poetic justice. If parents help to make snobs of their children they cannot expect their children to be other than snobbish.

This growth of snobbishness, this decreasing lack of respect for physical labour, may not seem of any real importance. Actually it is.

The foundation on which our national life rests is the producer. The more we increase the number of producers the more real wealth we create, and the securer becomes our national life. The more we increase the proportion of non-producers the nearer we approach collapse.

IT is time we entered on a re-valuation of values and got a truer perspective. Otherwise it may be brought home to us pretty roughly that the man who makes a brick is a more useful member of the community than is the man who is an authority on double entry; that the coal-getter is more necessary to the community than is the artist; that the wheat-grower is of more importance than the novelist.

We have no right to look down at the people who work with their hands. We ought to look up to them.

Everything Seemed a Burden

"Until I Started Kruschen."

"I feel I must write and tell you of the great benefit I have derived from Kruschen Salts. For three years I have suffered from constipation, depression and nerves which made everything seem a burden. After attending doctors on and off for this period, I was advised to go away, which I did for some weeks this year. Feeling improved I commenced to take Kruschen, and from then I gradually got back to my usual state of health. I have now resumed my duties, and work is once more a pleasure. I am continuing with the Salts, and after being back at business nearly six weeks am maintaining the "Kruschen feeling" and recommend the public to take the 'little daily dose' and keep themselves fit, these hustling days. I shall always be pleased to answer any enquiries in praise of Kruschen Salts." D. C., London.

Moral. Start Kruschen immediately after your return from the holidays. You come back as fit as a change of air can make you—and then you keep yourself fit with the "little daily dose." Get a bottle immediately and start to-morrow morning. Don't wait for town life to undo all the good that an expensive holiday has done you. Keep your seaside health right through the year, it will only cost a farthing a day.

Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

A 1/9 bottle of Kruschen Salts contains 96 doses—enough for three months—which means good health for less than a farthing a day. The dose prescribed for daily use is "as much as will lie on a sixpence," taken in the breakfast cup of tea. Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/- and 1/9 bottles. Start to-morrow.

TASTELESS IN TEA.

Sole Manufacturers: E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, Ltd., 68, Deansgate Arcade, MANCHESTER.

WATCH YOUR DRAPER!

WHY CLOTHES ARE DEAR

The Pettibocker Pickpocket

THE cotton trade, our most important industry next to agriculture, is approaching a crisis, and one of the factors in producing the crisis, so far as the home trade is concerned, is, it is asserted, the exorbitant prices charged by the retailers.

It is a serious charge to make. If the greed of shopkeepers causes unemployment that greed ought to be bridled. The matter is also of some importance to the housewife. If she is being robbed she ought to know about it.

A director of a big manufacturing concern stated recently that he himself had seen material which left his place at 1s. 7d. a yard priced in a shop at 12s. 8d.

Killing trade

Commenting on this to a representative of JOHN BULL, the head of one of the largest wholesale houses in Manchester declared:

"There is no doubt about it, the retailers are simply killing trade by the outrageous prices they are charging. What beats me is why the public seem so willing to pay.

"The shopkeeper of to-day won't look at anything under 50 per cent. profit—with very many it is 100 per cent.—while in the case of credit drapery many of them are making fabulous sums.

"It ought to be stopped, but apparently there is no way of preventing this robbery of the public."

In view of these and other statements, JOHN BULL set on foot an enquiry and secured the co-operation of representatives of large manufacturing and wholesale houses.

These men know the prices at which they sell to the shopkeeper. They have noted down the prices they have seen their own goods marked in the windows. The result ought to interest the housewife.

In the first place a consignment of cloth was traced from the manufacturer, through the wholesaler, to the retailers. The manufacturer sold at 1s. 9d. per yard, the wholesaler at 2s. 1d. The stuff was marked up in the retailer's window at 8s. 3d.! That is, no doubt, an exceptional profit.

Priced by appearance

But consider this, vouched for by the representative of the manufacturer concerned. This gentleman, a manufacturer of coloured blankets and motoring rugs, had occasion while on holiday in London to purchase a motoring rug.

Seeing one of his own make in a shop window he went in for it. He came out without it. He had sold that rug to the wholesaler at 12s. 7d.; the London shopkeeper asked 23s. 11d.

Apparently the retailer does not fix his prices on costs. He prices an article on what it looks to be worth. The coming of artificial silk is largely responsible for this.

Here is an instance. One of the big northern retail houses bought a very large consignment of fancy waistcoats for women. They were of various designs; some were far more

Mr. Kenneth Lee, head of Tootal, Broadhurst, Lee & Co., Ltd., who have cut out the middleman by selling direct to the retailers

attractive than others. All, however, were the same price to the retailer, 6s. each.

The prices at which they were sold were 7s. 3d., 10s. 11d., 11s. 9d., 12s. 11d. and up to 15s. 11d. each.

Sheer robbery

One of the travellers concerned in this enquiry told one of his customers on his last journey that a certain bleached sheet which he had previously bought at 10s. 3d. per pair would in future be 10s. 5½d.

The shopkeeper asked if he could have 100 pairs at the old price as he was making a special "cut" line of them and his profit was infinitesimal.

The traveller gently pointed out that the same sheets were displayed in the window at that very moment marked 19s. 11½d. per pair.

A shopkeeper in the West of England bought a number of bedspreads of a new design. Later he wrote to the wholesalers complaining that they had supplied one of his rivals with the same design and that this rival was "cutting" the price.

The traveller enquired into the matter. The cost of the bedspreads was 12s. 6d. each. The man who had complained of the "cutting" was selling them at 23s. 11d. The man who was underselling him was charging 19s. 11d. Even the lower price was sheer robbery.

Here is an instance of profiteering in artificial silk dresses: A representative was shown some really pretty ones by a Birmingham wholesaler whose price to the retail trade was what seems the absurdly low one of 4s. 11d.

Three days later that representative saw some of the same dresses in a big Liverpool shop marked at 16s. 9d. each, and as they were shown on models they looked well worth the money.

It would seem that ladies' silk stockings and underwear offer some scope for profit-taking. Leicester and Northampton are not very far distant from each other.

In the windows of retailers in Northampton one may see artificial silk stockings of, shall we say, the Exo brand (because that is not even remotely like the name) shown very nicely on model half-legs and marked at 3s. 11d. per pair. These were made in Leicester.

Profitable sacrifice

The manufacturer sold them at 14s. 11d. per dozen pairs. The wholesale price was 16s. 6d., carriage paid. Thus the retailer pays 1s. 4½d. for what he sells at 3s. 11d.

Quite a big gamble at the moment is in cotton blankets. These are being sold as full double-bed size, but actually measure only 60 in. by 80 in. Most of these cost, to the retailer, round about 4s. 11d. to 5s. 11d.

A large store in a West Country town is advertising big bedding bargains. The cheapest pair of cotton blankets in the windows is priced "8s. 11d. Great sacrifice." These particular blankets cost only 4s. 11d. per pair.

When the traveller who supplied the blanket and other information returned home from his journey his wife showed him a certain garment of artificial silk known to the ladies as "pettibockers." She had bought it at a big Manchester store and had paid 11s. 6d. for it, and she was very pleased with her bargain.

Out of curiosity he priced them in a wholesale house and was told by the salesman that the retailer had paid 4s. 5d. each for them—7s. 1d. profit on each outlay of 4s. 5d.!

Extortionate profits

Here are other examples of profiteering out of many: artificial silk stockings, cost 6d. per pair, retailed as "special line" at 1s. 1½d.; cami-knickers, cost 1s. 11d., retailed at 3s. 11½d.; knickers, cost 11d., retailed at 1s. 9½d.; nightdresses, cost 1s. 10d., retailed at 3s. 5½d.; quilts, cost 10s. 7d., retailed at 22s. 6d.

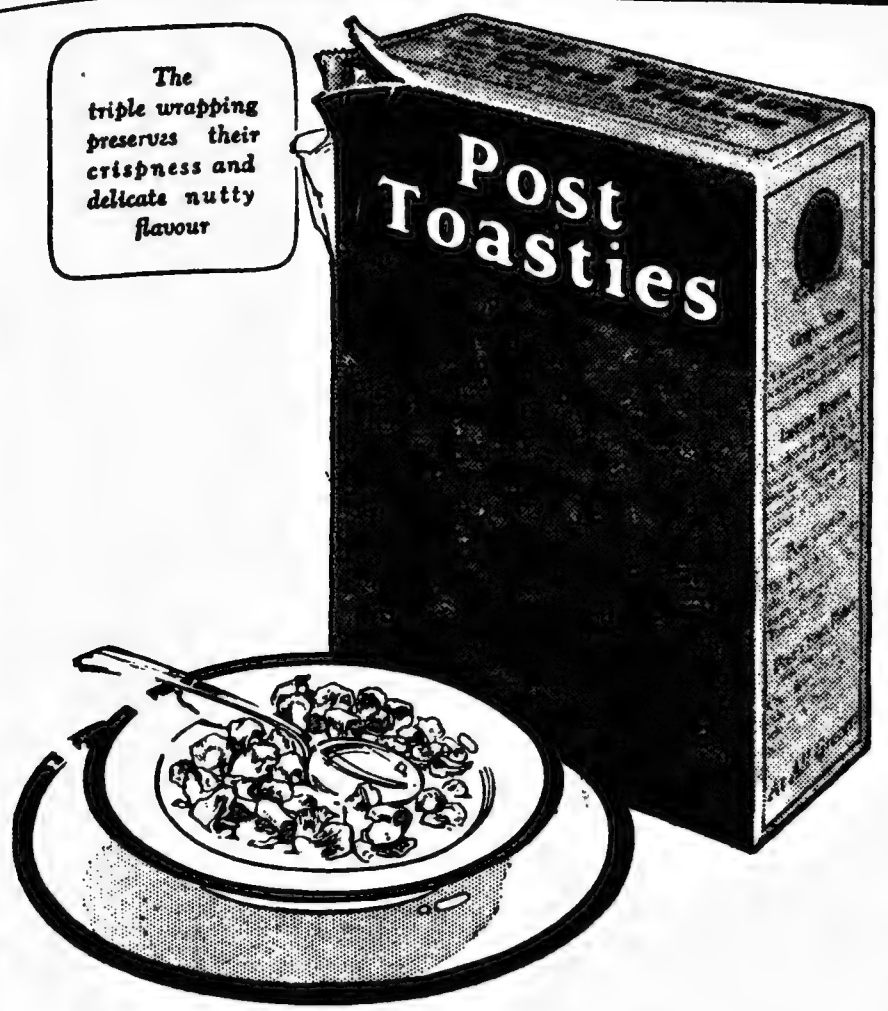
Many other examples might be given.

It is clear, then, that many drapers, a minority possible, are profiteering on some or all of their "lines."

We will be fair; the draper may well need to have a bigger margin of profit than say, the grocer because he does not turn over his money so quickly and he runs the risk of loss through change of fashion or season.

Profits of 100 per cent. or over are, however, not only extortionate and a hindrance to a revival of trade—they are daylight robbery.

The triple wrapping preserves their crispness and delicate nutty flavour



"Paleface" needs this delicious Indian Corn *for* breakfast!

Here is Indian Corn—transformed into Post Toasties—quite the most delightful breakfast food imaginable!

The rich, ripe heart of the corn grain is cooked and toasted 'til the flakes are curled and crisp—all ready to eat. What a delicious dish with sugar and milk—or cream! You should try a box—a great big box for * ninepence—to-day! You may be sure that the family will vote them "simply great." (*Except in Ireland)

POST TOASTIES

Double Crisp INDIAN CORN FLAKES

Stay Crisp in Milk or Cream

Post Health Products

Post Toasties are one of the Post Health Products which include Grape-Nuts, Postum, and Post's Bran Flakes

MR. EVERYMAN

'My furniture comes to £98-I'll pay 50'-now & 50'-monthly. Mr. Drage'

Mr. Drage: That's 41 months' credit—3 years and 5 months—and I'm delighted to agree to your terms, Mr. Everyman.

Mr Everyman: You don't beat about the bush, Mr. Drage.

Mr. Drage: I couldn't see so many customers each week if I had to bargain about terms. That's one reason why I always like my customers to suggest the terms that suit them. They know far better than I do what they can afford to pay.

Mr. Everyman: Well, I'd like delivery next Wednesday morning.

Mr. Drage: You can rely on that. If there's one thing I'm proud of it's the punctuality and efficiency of my delivery staff. Now here's what our customers generally call 'their Drage protection.'

Mr. Everyman: Ah, this is the guarantee that gives me the right to keep what I have paid for in case I can't go on paying.

Mr. Drage: Yes, less, of course, an agreed reasonable deduction for use and cartage.

Mr. Everyman: A very fair arrangement.

Mr. Drage: Well, I always try to look at things from the customer's standpoint. That protection makes you easy in your mind. Now another protection is our Free Fire and Life Policy, which will be sent to you in a day or two.

Mr. Everyman: Now have I anything more to pay for this three years and five months' credit?

Mr. Drage: Not a penny. Nothing will be added to the plain marked prices on the furniture. Nor do we ever require or take up references.

Mr. Everyman: I've so enjoyed my chat with you, Mr. Drage. Business would be much pleasanter if it were always conducted in the Drage Way.

THE NEW DRAGE BOOK

The Greatest Book on Furnishing ever written

COUPON J.B.

Please send me free and post free the new Drage Book, and all particulars of your "No Deposit" System for approved accounts.

*Name*_____

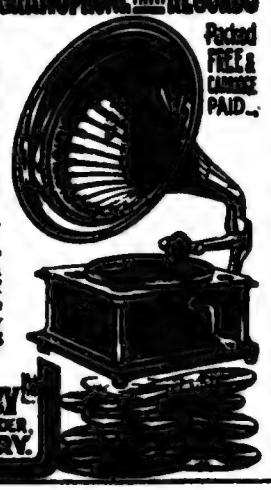
*Address*_____

CUT OUT AND POST IN UNSEALED ENVELOPE WITH ½d. STAMP TO DRAGES LIMITED 230 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

Open from 9 a.m. to 6.30 (including Saturdays). Next to Holborn Tube Station. Phone: Holborn 6720.

OPEN ON SATURDAYS UNTIL 6.30

19 THAT'S ALL & I send YOU a fine GRAMOPHONE WITH RECORDS



Packed FREE & CARRIAGE PAID.

My Free Lists show the biggest and cheapest selection of the finest Horn and Hornless Models, any of which I will send **On 14 Days' Approval,** with your own selection of records. Write for a copy of my **FREE LISTS** now.

Chas. H. Ebbey THE WORLD'S PROVIDER 3 COVENTRY.

WHITELEYS

The "UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS"

THE FAMOUS KILDARE CLUB

With the Everlasting Guarantee

While riding you pay just 3d. a day.

FROM **7/6** MONTHLY

14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

FROM **£4.12.6.** CASH

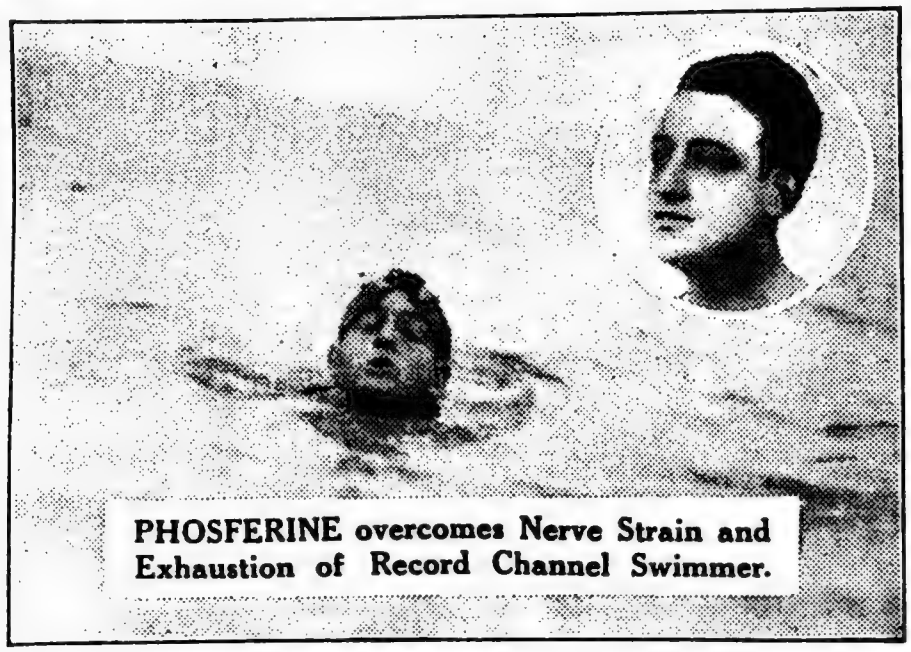
CARRIAGE PAID

Also Raleigh, Rudge, B.S.A., Humber, Swift, James, etc.

The Pick of the World's Cycles. Price List "W" Post Free

WM. WHITELEY Ltd

Queens Road, London, W.2



PHOSFERINE overcomes Nerve Strain and Exhaustion of Record Channel Swimmer.

Mr. N. L. DERHAM *writes*:—

"AS the holder of the British Record for swimming the English Channel on September 16th and 17th, 1926, in the record time of 13 hrs. 55 mins., I feel I must say a word about your wonderful Phosferine. After my swim I found that my nerves were in a dreadful state, owing to the excitement and strain caused by my attempts on the English Channel. I was advised to take Phosferine, and after a little persuasion I took a course, and found that after a few doses I had restored my nerves to normal, and I was again my old self. I may say that Phosferine is now a daily tonic for me. As you no doubt are aware, this year I intend to try and swim the other way, England to France and I can assure you that in my future attempts Phosferine will be well used by me. I recommend Phosferine to all who are run down and suffering from nerves."

(Devon Villa. 109, York Road, Southend-on-Sea. *January, 29th* 1927.)

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given with equally good results to the children.

TESTED JB

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists. Tablets and Liquid. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size
Aldwych

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

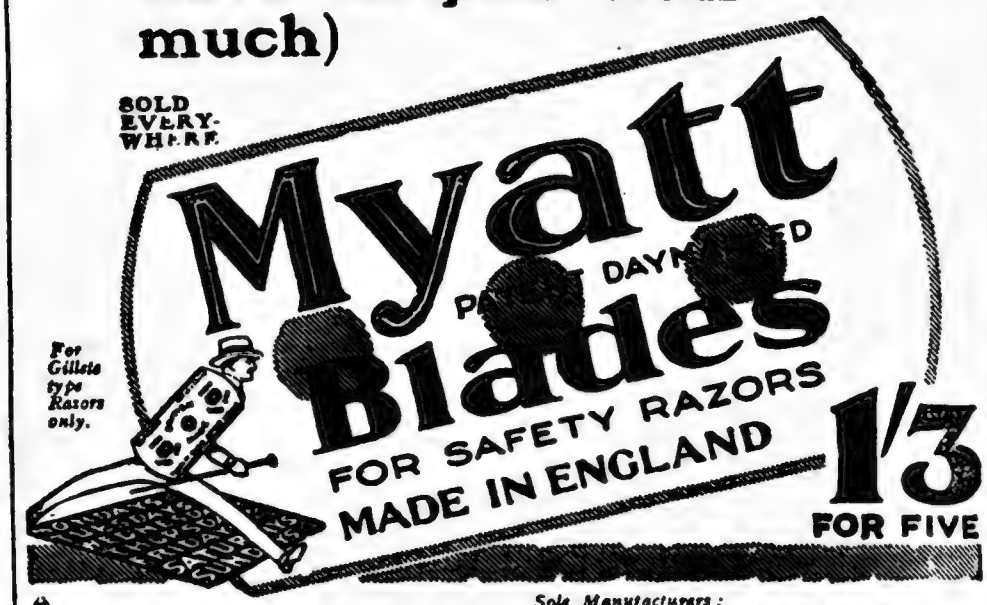
Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

TESTED JB

He has a chin she loves to touch (MYATT Blades have helped him much)



Sole Manufacturers:
W. J. MYATT & CO., LTD., ARGENT WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.

DERMUTATION

The Mennen Scientific Process—for Rapid Beard Softening.

SEND NOW FOR FREE 14-DAY TRIAL.

Mennen Shaving Cream prepares the toughest beard for a super shave in the moment which it takes to pick up your razor. Use plenty of water, hot or cold, hard or soft. Buy the big green striped tube. For sale everywhere.

After shaving delight—Mennen Skin Balm removes face shine—refreshes—heals small cuts and blemishes—quickly absorbed—greaseless. In handy tube—for travelling—nothing to break—nothing to spill.

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

FREE COUPON.

Messrs. J.B.S. c.o. FASSETT & JOHNSON, Ltd., 1c, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

Send me two 14-day tubes as follows:
MENNEN SHAVING CREAM.
MENNEN SKIN BALM.
I enclose 4d. for postage and packing

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....

RILEY'S make it possible for every home to have its own billiard table

Riley's "Home" Billiard Table shown reducing ordinary Dining Table.

—so easy are Riley's terms of purchase that every home can now have its own billiard table. For a first payment of 14/- Riley's will send the popular 6ft. size "Home" Billiard Table on 7 Days' Free Trial, carriage paid, and take all railway transit risks. This is the full range of sizes:

4ft. 4in. x 2ft. 4in.	.. ..	£7 0 0	Riley's have another table for the Home—the COMBINE BILLIARD AND DINING TABLE. Can be had in various designs and sizes, and in Oak or Mahogany. Prices range from £22 10 0 Cash or Easy Payments. *RILEY'S are also the Largest Makers of Full-Size Billiard Tables in Great Britain.*
5ft. 4in. x 2ft. 10in.	.. ..	£9 0 0	
6ft. 4in. x 3ft. 4in.	.. ..	£11 15 0	
7ft. 4in. x 3ft. 10in.	.. ..	£15 0 0	
8ft. 4in. x 4ft. 4in.	.. ..	£21 10 0	

Or in 16 *Monthly Payments of* 3/6, 11/-, 14/-, 18/-, or 28/- *respectively.*

E. J. RILEY, LTD., ANSON WORKS, ACCRINGTON.

Write for FREE Price List

This is the "Cabriole" design. 6ft. size, £34 10 0 Cash, or in 13 or 20 easy payments.

LONDON: Dept. 20, 147, Aldersgate Street, E.C.1.

SHIPS OF SHAME

SLAVES OF THE WATCH

Vessels That Never Return

AMONG the harsh arrangements which shipowners of a certain and all too numerous type have been able to impose upon that overcrowded profession, the Mercantile Marine, perhaps one of the most scandalous is what is termed the "two-watch system."

This is a system by which a ship carries only two deck officers in addition to the master.

It means that these two are continually off and on, and responsible for the safety of the ship and its crew whilst at sea.

Here is an example of what is happening every day on British ships, the actual experience of one of many chief officers.

For eleven hours he worked on cargo before sailing, then for another six he stood by for pilot and tugs. He was on duty after that clearing harbour for three hours. He was then on watch on the bridge for a spell of four hours.

This only to be followed by another four hours spent in superintending the clearing of the decks and other things.

Who cares?

Twenty-eight hours' continuous duty! His meals were a matter of snatching some bread and gulping a pot of tea.

It should be noted that after twenty hours' continuous duty he was responsible for the safety of the ship and crew, and also that after twenty-eight hours' continuous service he again took charge of the bridge.

We must leave it to our readers and to those who are really responsible for this disgraceful state of affairs to cogitate upon the possibilities of such a system.

The terrible thing is that many owners do not care. Is not the ship insured?

And, as one disgusted officer remarked to us, The owners win every time—heads or tails.

An officer who has been engaged on cargo work or ship repairs for several hours is not in a fit mental or physical state to take charge of a ship at sea.

Yet, officers tell us, on these "two-watch" ships it is no unusual occurrence for them to go on duty after, say, a day of gruelling toil in tropical heat and stand on the bridge scarcely able to keep awake except by constant recourse to a bucket of cold water.

Terrible toll

This is happening every day out at sea and some of the finest men this land has bred lie at the bottom of the sea directly because of it.

Take a few extracts of letters we have before us now.

The first is that of a chief officer who resigned his berth in order to enjoy the comparative comfort as a member of the local police force!

Captain Coombs, who is conducting a campaign on behalf of Mercantile Marine officers

"My reason for doing so," he writes, "was on account of the disgusting conditions I have had in my six years' experience, mostly in 9,000-ton tramps. *I have never been in a ship since the war that carried a third mate.*"

Because there was no third officer he had, as mate, to spend every night on board when the ship was working cargo, he never got any leave, and put in about fifteen hours' work a day at sea.

This, combined with the miserable food and lack of comfort, decided him in taking an appointment ashore.

What a waste of a man with a highly specialised training!

Romance and tragedy

Hundreds of splendid young officers utterly disillusioned write to Captain Coombs, of the Navigators and General Insurance Company, Ltd., who is conducting a campaign on behalf of the officers of the Mercantile Marine, begging for assistance to obtain any kind of job ashore.

One man writes to him of "the nefarious practices of a certain type of shipowner, principally the man who prates of the romance of the sea and then overloads his ships, starves his crew and keeps them in such strict confinement that they only see home when they are out of a job!"

On the question of starvation, read what an obviously square-jawed type of easy-going sailor writes on the subject:

"I served in my time in the Clan line and they were really very good to me. I left them as I did not fancy going as fourth mate for years, and went in a tramp to get my sea time in for master's certificate, and then I thought of trying for the really big liners."

He then spent seven months as third mate for another line. "I received the offer," he continues, "of the second mate's job on a tramp steamer. It was a 'two-watch' ship and, Mr. Coombs, it was just Hades.

"I'm 5 ft. 11 in., twenty-two years old, pretty hefty, as we all were there, but I was not the same man when I left her for my ticket as I am now. Everyone aboard was 'on their whack' for grub, and by the company's order no eggs, ham, bacon, fresh fish, mutton or pork were allowed on the menu.

"I joined in Glasgow, sailed for Port Talbot and had no food the day we got in owing to insufficient stores being taken for the run.

"I may mention that we had a crew of four men on deck and the captain had to take the wheel entering and leaving port."

Such is the romantic call of the sea.

Startling statistics

Captain Coombs has collected statistics from records which show that out of 197 ships under 1,000 tons gross 96.5 per cent. were "two-watch" ships; out of 388 ships over 1,000 and under 2,000 tons gross 85.8 per cent. were "two-watch" ships and that out of 2,607 ships over 2,000 tons gross 12.6 per cent. were "two-watch" ships.

He points out, however, the probability that figures taken from the whole of the Mercantile Marine would prove more startling still, as his records comprise a large number of well-run, first-class liners owned by firms who would scorn to countenance the "two-watch" system.

But as it is we see how money is made in the shipping world!

To say that the manner in which the shipowner of whom we write treats his merchantmen employees to-day is unprincipled is sheer drawing-room talk. Only in the breezy language of the sea is his conduct really done justice.

By the standard ships' articles, officers are entitled to fourteen days' leave a year.

Should the company refuse this leave they must pay wages for that period in lieu of it.

Shameful treatment

Any officer may apply for this, but in this type of ship, because the leave or the wages in lieu are invariably accompanied by a polite note to the effect that he had better look for employment elsewhere in the future or that they will let him know when they have a vacancy—when!—they never do apply.

The companies are careless, too, in their treatment of the men. One officer who was enjoying four days' leave after eighteen months, was recalled from Wales to London only to be told that he was not wanted for five days.

Thus, we have the nation's keymen treated as if they were galley-slaves.

No overtime, no leave, no sleep, little and bad food, poor pay, and all in order that they may risk their lives on overloaded ships. And yet men love the sea. Thank God, for the shipowners!

Lumbago, Sciatica and Rheumatism

may all be caused by neglected Kidney Weakness!

IF THE KIDNEYS are weak, excess uric acid overloads the blood. Pains begin to strike across the small of the back; rheumatic twinges, headaches, dizziness and urinary troubles quickly follow. Don't neglect these warnings! You should strengthen the kidneys NOW. There is danger of rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, gravel or stone. Let Doan's Backache Kidney Pills help you. Doan's Pills will relieve your kidney troubles as surely as earlier treatment would have prevented them.

"Like a New Man" thanks to Doan's Pills

On 17th August, 1899, Mr. G. Sayers, 41, Durham Road, Sacriston, Durham, said:—"Kidney trouble was persistent for a long time. There were cutting pains in the small of my back, and sciatica in my legs was terrible. There was rheumatism in my joints, and the urinary system was disordered.

"Doan's Backache Kidney Pills were recommended. In a short time, they cured the backache, banished the sciatica and rheumatism, and cleansed the urinary system. I felt a different man altogether."

On 10th May, 1927, Mr. Sayers said:—"It is a pleasure to recommend Doan's Pills. They are a positive remedy for kidney complaint. (Signed) G. Sayers."

Do as Mr. Sayers did. Ask distinctly for DOAN'S. 3/- per box.

DOAN'S
Backache Kidney Pills

Sole Proprietors: Foster-McClellan Co., London, W.1.

Soak your beard soft with Colgate's

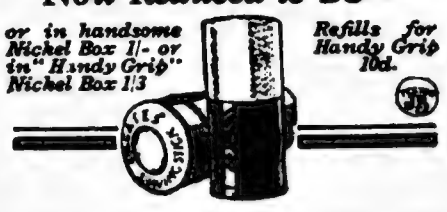
Some lathers merely cover your beard. Colgate's goes right down to the base and soaks it soft.
The water in the lather is the real beard softener. The soap washes away the film of oil covering each hair and lets the water get to work.
Colgate's gives you a perfect shave because it is made up of millions of tiny water bubbles. They get round each hair and make it wringing wet, soft and pliable. Your razor glides across your face, leaving it cool, clean and refreshed, for all day.

Softens the Beard at the Base

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK
Now Reduced to 10D.

or in handsome Nickel Box 1/- or in "Handy Grip" Nickel Box 1/3

Refills for Handy Grip 10d.



A Tea-Time Dainty

How tempting are sandwiches made with HOVIS! Its high food-value, due to the additional 25% of wheat-germ, gives HOVIS supreme value as a brain and body-builder.

Served with Mustard and Cress or Salmon and Shrimp Paste.

HOVIS
(Trade Mark)

Best Bakers Bake It.

HOVIS LTD., MACCLESFIELD.

In Sunshine Ward

by **PHILIP INMAN**

WHAT wonderful love is found in the most humble surroundings! Tried by terrible trouble, it yet persists. And when the sunshine eventually arrives, what fervent thankfulness is given for the knowledge that the clouds have at last dispersed!

THE CLOUDS THAT PASSED

I RECALL the first time I met William Cook. A diminutive, shabby little man, not more than 5 ft. high, he was pacing up and down the street outside the hospital. At last he summoned up courage to enter.

Stealthily he walked across to the enquiry office and whispered something to the porter. "No news yet," I heard him mutter hoarsely. "My God! how much longer?" When he was out of hearing, I enquired his errand. "His wife is expecting a baby," I was told, "and he's scarcely left the place since yesterday."

I sent a messenger to say I wished to speak to him and as he came into my room he shook with fright like a timid schoolboy about to be caned. "Not bad news, sir?" he blurted. I gave him a smile of reassurance. "No, there's no news at all yet, but it shouldn't be long now," I told him.

As we talked together, he told me he was a packer, but that he had been out of work for three months. A note of sadness crept into his voice as he said, "It's been hard lines on her, and a youngster coming along."

Staggering news

"And is this your first baby?" I enquired." I shall not forget his tragic stare as he said, "We lost our nipper six months ago. Three years old she was, bless her! And the missus has been crying ever since."

He said nothing about his own heartache, but he had suffered too, that was plain to see.

It was an hour later that a tap came at the door and a nurse entered. When he saw her his face blanched. "Is she all right?" he asked, his voice shaking. The nurse hesitated, stunned by his pitiful agony. "Your wife will be all right; she's out of danger now"; and then she added feelingly, "But I'm sorry, the baby is stillborn."

He swayed and clutched hold of the table to steady himself. But in a minute he had recovered himself. Then as he left the room he murmured, "My poor wife, God help her."

Only a packer, and an unemployed one at that, but William Cook, though small of stature, had a great big heart.

That was two years ago, and only the other day I renewed his acquaintance. The little man was standing before the enquiry window, and unknown to him I heard him enquiring about his wife.

Most precious word

"What name?" asked the porter. "Cook," came the answer; "Annie Cook." "Wait a minute, and I'll find out," he was told. The telephone buzzed, and this was the message that came through. "Quite comfortable. The baby was born this afternoon! A boy? No, it's a girl."

When I heard that news, I went out to congratulate the newly made father. He looked dazed, as though he could not grasp the tidings. Then a light of understanding came into his eyes, and he asked plaintively, "Can I see her?"

"It's not visiting day," I told him, "and it's rather late. Better come back in the morning."

Across his pale face flashed an expression of keen disappointment. "Can't I really," he begged again; "just for a minute." And as I looked at him and remembered all he had gone through I relented. "I can't promise that you will see your wife," I told him, "but you may be able to peep at the baby."

When Mrs. Cook heard that her husband was near by she asked for him. He was sitting outside, and when he knew that he was to be admitted, he took off his boots. "I musn't make a noise," he whispered, "it might disturb her."

As he looked in the direction of his wife's bed and saw a screen round it, he stopped dead. "She's all right, isn't she?" he moaned. "There was a screen round her the last time."

"Yes, she's quite all right," the nurse assured him. "When I saw it there," he went on, "it made me go all shivery."

Philip Inman

He reached his wife's bedside and with the tenderness of a child he went up to her, and whispered, "Thank God, Annie." She did not say anything, but the look she gave him was quite sufficient. Then he moved stealthily to the little cradle.

For a minute he gazed wonderingly at the little dimpled form wrapped in a blanket. "Our little Annie," he murmured. He turned to the nurse. "It's a lovely baby, isn't it?" he said jubilantly.

The nurse, trained in the art of tact replied, "Yes, the finest in the ward."

The minutes flew past and "Time's up now," breathed the nurse. William Cook, his face all aglow, bent over his wife. "Good-bye," he whispered, and then he added the most precious word in the English language, "Mother."

The Sentence of the Court

TUNICS AS TONICS

Whitehall's Scarlet Fever

WEARING a scarlet and gold necktie and a pained expression, Sir Laming Worthington-Evans pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of attempted misappropriation of public money.

"The accused," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "is Secretary for War, but is at present engaged on piece-work, being, from all accounts, more interested in millinery than in military manœuvres.

"This is due to the reported decision to reclothe the Army in all the pre-war splendour and absurdity of scarlet and gold—the scarlet being supplied by War Office contractors and the gold by taxpayers.

"A start is to be made with the Royal Horse Artillery, but in the course of two years, unless taxpayers arise in their wrath and 'draw the colour line,' the whole Army will be decked in such varying tints of blue and red as suggest themselves to the æsthetic susceptibilities of War Office 'Dye' Hards.

"This chromatic orgy, we are solemnly informed, will 'have a tonic effect on the Army and do much to stimulate recruiting.'

"Than this statement nothing could more strikingly show that the out-of-date dug-ins, whose muddle-headedness was so painfully demonstrated during the early days of the war, are still afflicted with hallucinations such as prevailed during the Mafeking period.

"That fine feathers will attract fine 'birds,' and that Tommy, in a new tunic, will be able to realise Kipling's dream and 'Walk with fifty housemaids from Chelsea to the Strand,' is a War Office delusion which any up-to-date lady's-help could shatter in three and a half seconds.

"In fact, Private Atkins himself, not being so devoid of imagination as his Whitehall lords and masters, is already wincing in anticipation of remarks such as, 'Look what was left over from Madame Tussaud's fire!' and suchlike badinage."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said a striking and colourful uniform would unquestionably encourage an optimistic outlook in its wearers. Also, it must not be overlooked that the proposal would, as had been stated, "have a beneficial effect on the clothing and kindred trades."

* * *

"None of the arguments urged in support of this latest gaudy manifestation of squandermania leaves me in the least impressed," said Mr. Justice Bull. "Of course, the wholesale purchase of new uniforms will benefit the clothing trade. But why should this or any other trade be subsidised by taxpayers as a whole?

"It would be equally reasonable to scrap all existing post offices and set about erecting others, designed by architects with a taste for Futurism, on the ground that this would benefit the building trade.

"That modern young men, of the type wanted for the Army, so fancy themselves in fancy dress that they will rush to join the Colours so that they may disport themselves like members of a beauty chorus is an idea which could only have originated in a moribund military mind.

"If Whitehall is really anxious to supply the Army with a tonic, the money which it is proposed to waste in decking out soldiers like male mannequins might more usefully be spent in providing them with such amenities as better-cooked and more varied food, more hot baths or a trifle on their pay.

"Since the prisoner is obviously suffering from the old-established military disease of 'scarlet' fever, I must direct that he be confined in an isolation hospital until the taxpayers have had a chance to stamp out the epidemic."

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT BUSINESS?

To the thoughtless, the easy-going, or the very young man this question may at first glance seem an insult.

Such a one would answer in an offhand sort of way, "Why, I am in business! I am a business man! I know all about business—or I ought to know!"

He ought to know. But does he?

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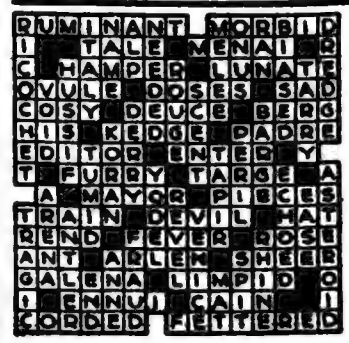

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's puzzle is on page 2

Words Winged to Women

WOMEN WHO DAREN'T!

by **MABEL HORNER**

"THE labourer is worthy of his hire" is a sound principle that should be remembered by all who engage the services of their fellows. Unfortunately, there are some employers who not only disregard the divine law, but who actually aim to profit by the poverty and defencelessness of the weakest

A MAN who last week visited London for the first time in ten years was asked, "What changes strike you most forcibly as you walk about?" He did not mention the wonderful new buildings, the street improvements, the terrific congestion of traffic. He replied surprisingly, "I am most struck by the dress, manners and appearance of the young working women."

The questioner, expecting another silly tirade on short skirts, long silk stockings, powder-puffs and lip-sticks, received a further shock as the visitor added:

"It is a change for the better. For every one I used to see badly dressed I now see scores who are trim and smart, neatly and becomingly clothed. Above all they are well shod. In the restaurants I see them, not half-starved on penny buns and cups of strong tea, but ordering good, sound, sensible meals. They are getting good wages.

"Women have improved their economic status. Like men, women soon undertake their own welfare work when they achieve economic independence. That's the biggest change I've noticed in the streets of old London, and it is one that I like."

All is not well!

Such a summing-up showed more than astute observation. It showed how far we really have advanced in the direction of equal citizenship. It is not only in London where the advance is marked. It can be seen in any of our towns where women are employed in numbers; a change indeed for the better, and one that augurs well for the future of the nation.

But in spite of these good surface appearances, and although women are gradually realising their place in history as one where conditions and rates of pay should be subject to trade union regulation, it is not safe to assume that all is well wherever the employment of women is concerned.

Letters are constantly reaching me from those who, instead of being given a decent wage for a fair day's work, are being very literally ground under the harrow by unscrupulous employers.

Here, for instance, is a letter from Ramsgate, written by a father in a white heat of indignation.

"Not long ago," says this correspondent, "my seventeen-year-old daughter applied for a post as learner in an office. She was conducted to a well-appointed office for an interview. The manager offered her two shillings and sixpence a week for her services, the daily duty to start at 9 a.m. and end at 7 p.m. with dinner and tea thrown in.

Miss Jessie Stephen, a domestic servant until twenty-one years of age, an ex-Councillor for Bermondsey, and now a Parliamentary candidate who is actively interested in improving conditions for servant girls

"Another establishment in this town is giving a girl five shillings a week for three years, and we know by experience that often when the 'learning' period is over the assistant will be replaced by another 'learner' who later suffers a similar fate.

"In this way many shops are run by cheap labour. Is it any wonder that girls are tempted to get a little pleasure by discreditable means . . . at the expense of purity and morality?"

From a far distant country town comes another letter, this time from a district nurse. She is a widow, who, when her husband died, spent all the money he left her in training properly for midwifery.

She obtained a post to do midwifery and general nursing in a district where formerly two nurses had been employed. In the interests of economy the number was reduced on the understanding that the public health work, in connection with school clinics, was to be cut out.

So soon as the post was accepted on these terms the health visitation cards began to arrive as usual, so that this woman, whose whole future rests on doing her job to the satisfaction of her employers, finds herself working fifteen or sixteen or even up to twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four, when there are difficult and anxious cases to handle.

Righting wrongs

No help is provided for extra work, and no money for such work is forthcoming. The county economy is effected, but the difference is being taken out of this widow's bones. Against her strength, and because her living is at stake, she is struggling to do the work of two.

The economic battle of the nurse is not won, nor do teashop girls, shop-girls, nor young general servants, always get decent conditions and fair pay. Briefly, all belong to a class still sweated. The righting of their wrongs is legitimate trade union work.

Where a weak individual cannot fight ruthless employers the organisation can. Therefore women and girls must look to association for improved conditions. Those who hold aloof, and who refuse to vote wise and capable members of their own sex on to all public bodies, are their own worst enemies.

THE UNWELCOME TWINS

Through Fire and Water

IN all the long, laborious road that man has travelled towards complete civilisation there is no epic more miraculous than his gradual mastery over the elements.

Very literally man has brought wind, earth, fire and water into his purposes. He has harnessed the lightning to the wheels of his chariot. Without the elements man cannot live. Without the services of fire and water it is impossible to have a comfortable home.

But though these two are such invaluable friends when perfectly controlled, they are, when unleashed, man's most implacable foes. Bursting bounds, either, and very often both, leave trouble, disaster and even tragedy in their wake.

Common danger

Thousands of little homes all over the country, until the comprehensive use of electricity comes into being, must still use fire and light in its most primitive form. Many country districts have not even gas. They use candles and oil lamps.

Mrs. F. F. White, 2, The Quicks, Wycombe Marsh, Bucks, is a householder who every night must fill and trim one of these old-fashioned lighting agencies.

But there came an evening when the table lamp was left unattended and by some means or other the lamp managed to upset.

Blazing oil ran over the table and ignited clothing and everything else in its vicinity.

Happily Mrs. White, by prompt effort, managed to smother out the flames, but not before a considerable number of her household effects had been completely spoiled.

Unavailing pluck

In other cottage homes occupants must put themselves to bed by candlelight or manage to do so in the dark. Mr. R. Pugh, of 40, Cemetery Road, Southport, Lancs., has a granddaughter living with her, a child of ten, who one evening was lighting herself to bed in this way.

She did not realise the danger when she set her candle near the open window. The fresh breeze blew the curtains into the flame, which ran along and set both in a blaze. The bed, quite close, was soon involved.

Pluckily the terrified child tried to beat out the flames, but they had assumed too alarming proportions. She had to scream for help, and it was only by the united efforts of the whole family that a calamity was averted. Of course, goods were ruined.

In many cases water completes the destruction that fire begins, but where, as in the foregoing cases, sufferers are registered readers of JOHN BULL they can claim and receive a helping hand to repair their loss.

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DO YOU SUFFER FROM

VARICOSE ULCERS.
VARICOSE ECZEMA.
SORE LEGS.
SWOLLEN LEGS.
PAINFUL JOINTS.

If you suffer from any of these or any other Leg Trouble, Tremol is the right treatment.

Think what Tremol means to you — No More Loss of Time from Work—No More Leg Worry—Able to Enjoy Life—No More Resting the Leg—Renewed Health and Vigour—Your work Made a Pleasure—A New Vista of Life Opened Out Before You—Your Leg Made Sound and Well.

Let every Sufferer remember this -

TREMOL TREATMENT CONQUERS BAD LEGS AT HOME, WITHOUT ABSENCE FROM WORK.

NO RESTING IS NECESSARY. YOU HAVE BETTER HEALTH. RESULTS ARE CERTAIN AND LASTING.

A large illustrated book, giving full particulars of this powerful remedy, is sent, free of all charge, and a legal guarantee to cure is sent with each book. This publication teems with sound advice, and contains much valuable information, and if you are a sufferer it is sure to be the means of bringing about your speedy and permanent recovery, even if doctors, hospitals, and specialists have failed to help you. Early application for the book is necessary, as only a limited number of free copies is to be distributed.

DON'T FORGET THIS. — Tremol relieves you of all leg worry in your own home WITHOUT REST, OPERATION, RELAPSE, or FAILURE. This is not a chance to be missed, and you should write at once to the NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS (Ward B.L.), GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER, describing your case, and the book WILL BE SENT FREE.

In addition to this free offer to all who write, the National Infirmary will give free consultation to sufferers who call.

Post this Coupon to-day or call for a free consultation.

FREE COUPON (Ward B.L.)

NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS,
Gt. Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

Please send me your valuable book and any subsequent particulars of Tremol Treatment.

Signed .....
(Mr., Mrs., Miss or Rev.)

Address .....

National College of Health, Ltd.

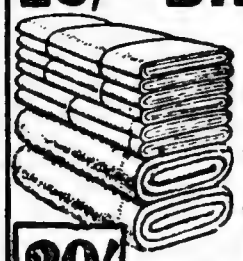
CHRONIC BACKACHE
FOR EIGHT YEARS, NOW CURED!

You May Test This Remedy Free.

"I suffered from severe backache pains for seven or eight years," says Mrs. E. Samuel, of 77, Regent Street, Aberaman, Nr. Aberdare, Glamorganshire. "They were cruel, racking pains, just as if a knife was cutting my back. I dare not stoop. When trying to do housework, the attacks have been so severe as to make me feel faint and helpless. When out in the street I have had to stand still, feeling I dare not move another step. Morning after morning, I have not felt fit to move, languid, depressed, and irritable. I tried several remedies, all no good. I first heard of De Witt's Pills through a sample, so I tried them, and got relief after the first few doses. I bought a bottle about the end of last year, and got well and clear of pains with the one bottle. I have had no further troubles and pains since taking the pills."

Writing several years later, Mrs. Samuel says, "I am proud and happy to be able to tell you that I am quite free from any pain at all now, thanks to De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are wonderful." De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are sold under guarantee of satisfaction or money back by chemists throughout the world, price 3/-. In 24 hours you definitely see results. For a free trial supply of this doctor-recommended remedy just send name and address to E. C. De Witt & Co., Ltd. (Dept. H.B.20), Croydon.

20/- BALE Cash or C.O.D.



1 Pr. Heavy White Woolly Blankets, Bordered and Whipped. Double Bed size.
1 Pr. Heavy Rotton Twill Sheets. Double Bed size.
1 Alhambra Quilt. Double Bed size, lovely colours.
2 White Pillow Cases, 20 x 30.
1 White Bolster Case, 20 x 60.
2 Turkish Hand Towels.

20/- CARR PAID

FREE GIFT

THIS WEEK ONLY, of a Ladies' Charming Work Bag with above parcel.

CAS MENT MFG. CO (Dept. J.B.)
Allum St. Mills, Manchester.

CASEMENT CURTAINING
From **3D.** Per Yard

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Our book shows actual qualities and designs. We are actual makers, and save you pounds in the purchase of Casement Curtainings of every description, INCLUDING FINEST MERCERISED and FADELESS QUALITIES, SELF COLOURS, INSERTED SCALLOPED, REPS.

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Human Documents

A Soul in Torment

Samaritan Snubbed—Sweated Service—Selfish Sister

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"IF ever human being was engaged in a death struggle with himself, it is I. I have made a separate document of my life-story, which I enclose, and after reading it you will know that I do not exaggerate my desperate condition.

"I came here from abroad for a vacation, hoping to escape the horrible thing that has overshadowed my life, but it still pursues me. Instead of being able to leave the monster behind and forget it, I find I have brought it with me, and I begin to question whether I can any longer regard myself as a normal being.

"I have lost the power of clear, wholesome thought; my brain feels all shot to pieces and scattered. I am powerless to direct my own actions.

"It is as if this body of mine were encasing some devilish animus, some demon, if the old philosophies are true, that has thought fit to invest itself with my personality.

"I am not ashamed to say that I have prayed to God for deliverance; I am ashamed to say that I have also inwardly blasphemed Him for permitting me to be so possessed.

"Time was when I was full of the joy of life; every moment of existence was beautiful to me. Now I have but glimpses of the heaven I seem to have lost and I try to lift myself only to fall back into the noisome depths.

"My abnormal mentality is having its effect on me physically and I feel I am gradually breaking down. As my bodily health weakens, my spiritual struggles grow fainter and feebler.

"Can you with your reputation as a kindly counsellor point me to a ray of light and moisten the parched tongue of a man in hell?"

"HUMANIST" says: *You need to realise that the source of your salvation lies within you. Like many others addicted to secret vice, by morbidly studying the literature of the subject and comparing what you read with your own experience, you are continually recreating the monster you seek to destroy and hourly nourishing it instead of starving it into subjection. Your faith must be small if you blaspheme because your prayers are not immediately answered. Power awaits you if you will but surrender yourself to it and allow yourself to be so completely pervaded by its influence that there will be no room for evil.*

* * *

"I HAVE lately been persecuted (I do not think that is too strong a word) by my relatives and friends on account of mixing with low company.

Personal Service

"From a selfish worldly standpoint this company would be considered indeed very low, but as I regard all human beings as brothers and sisters, I do not esteem anyone either low or exalted.

"I must explain that the company to which my people object consists of a girl in her 'teens, very lovable, but rather prone to the failings of inexperience. Her mother is a very brave and a very hard-working woman, but her father is the source of a very great deal of misery through his lack of self-control where drink is.

"I am trying to be an influence for good to this young, sweet girl at such an impressionable period of her life, and I know she looks to me for help.

"I have to listen to very contemptuous and reproachful remarks from my people regarding this family and my association with them, but surely their aloofness and contempt are doing this young girl more harm than my mixing with what they are pleased to term 'low company.'

"Have I not chosen the nobler path in braving the sneers and contempt of my Pharisaical people and devoting myself to the protection of a young sister on the brink of moral danger?

"I also hope that through her I may be able to influence her weak-willed father and bring the reward of happiness to her brave, long-suffering mother."

"HUMANIST" says: *Certainly, my dear girl, you have chosen the better part. It is rather saddening to have to realise that those who preach the most often practise the least. There are many cases not merely of moral danger but of moral wreckage that can only be rescued and saved by personal service, and success in such work is ample recompense for any loss of worldly prestige which it may entail.*

* * *

"WE are in great trouble and have reached a point at which we do not know whom to approach for help but you.

Starving a Shepherd

"My husband over twenty-five years ago was ordained a Baptist minister and he started on his labours full of enthusiasm and high ideals.

"The years that have passed since then have held more than their share of trouble and affliction, but he has never wavered in his faith or lacked courage to face whatever might lie before him if he could continue the work upon which he has set his heart.

"For fifteen years he has served a small church in North Wales at a salary of 15s., doing the best he could for myself and our child without repining. He is a man who has had to face much family trouble, sickness and misfortune, and to-day we are extremely in low waters.

"We are struggling to give our daughter a fair education and she is expecting to restart school in a fortnight's time, but we are without means to meet her requirements in the way of books and clothes. What can we do, when years of the utmost frugality have left us with nothing but an accumulation of debt?

"There must be many who have the will and the means to assist in such circumstances, but in a small place like this they are hard to find."

"HUMANIST" says: *It is very pitiable to read of such penury in one who has devoted his life to the service of others, and one wonders how a shepherd can be expected to feed his flock if he is himself starved. The case is, however, obviously one for the consideration of your denominational organisation, and your husband should communicate with the secretary of the Baptist Union of Wales.*

* * *

Workless and Weeping

WORKLESS men and weeping women, hearts breaking at the sight of the suffering of hungry little children, can be comforted by you, if you will send a subscription to "The Greatest of These—" Fund. (See page 38.)

"MY sister was left a widow after having been married only a short time and she sold her home and went back to live with my mother.

A Cuckoo Character

"A few weeks after her return her baby was born and during her confinement my mother gave her all the attention she needed.

"As soon as my sister was well again, however, she started to dominate the home and run it according to her own ideas. My younger brothers and sisters found things so unpleasant that they went into lodgings.

"Now my mother is ill with a nervous breakdown and the doctor says she cannot hope to get better unless she is kept free from worry. I would like her to come and live with me, but she refuses to leave the house to my sister.

"My father will not hear of my sister being asked to leave, although the worry is telling on him too.

"Must we stand aside and see our mother driven into her grave through the selfishness of my sister?"

"HUMANIST" says: *Such cuckoo characteristics reflect anything but credit on your sister, but it seems to me that the matter is entirely one for your father to deal with. He must be held responsible if the worry should prove fatal to your mother. Ask the doctor to have a serious talk with him on the subject.*

* * *

A Would-be Bigamist

"A few months ago I was courting a girl, but I dropped her when her brother informed me that she was a very much-married woman, with a husband still living. A friend of mine has now taken her up, but if I try to warn him, he puts it down to jealousy, and refuses to believe me. How can I stop him being trapped by this would-be bigamist?"

"Humanist" says: *Since her brother was right-minded enough to open your eyes to the true state of affairs, he will surely be willing to do the same with your friend, who can have no reason to question the disinterestedness of the warning.*

The Better Way

"My fiancée, aged nineteen, to whom I have been engaged for over a year, is having a terrible time at home. I am in a position to marry at once, but her mother refuses consent. Could I get into any trouble if the girl left her home and came to live at mine?"

"Humanist" says: *There is always a risk of unpleasantness in taking a girl not yet of age out of the control of her parents. The better way is to ask the magistrate to dispense with parental consent to your marriage, and let the girl join you as your wife.*

Hard Housekeeping

"My husband earns £3 10s. a week, and gives me only 30s., out of which he expects me to pay 10s. rent and all other expenses, such as insurance, coals and gas, and provide for a family of three with the few shillings that remain over, while he spends the rest of his earnings on his own amusement."

"Humanist" says: *Such hard housekeeping is enough to break a woman's heart. You must point out to your husband that it simply cannot be done. If he refuses to give you more, you must leave the rent for him to pay, or put him on short commons.*

"HARLENE" Hair Beautifying Gifts *FREE!*

READ THIS REMARKABLE "HARLENE" 40th ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OFFER.

A VERY Special Free Gift is publicly announced to celebrate the founding of the business of Edwards' "Harlene-for-the-Hair" 40 years ago—the first Laboratories in the World to bring modern science to the aid of the Hair Toilet.

Countless thousands of men owe the preservation of their hair to the wonderful two-minutes-a-day "HAIR-DRILL" and more than half the women in this country, who have demonstrated the loveliness of the waved hair fashion, are living testimonials to the amazing beautifying properties of the various "HARLENE" preparations.

The delightful idea behind the present FREE GIFT is to offer to *every reader* of this paper exactly what they choose from the wonderful list of Hair Toilet Preparations described below.

Read carefully the List. Choose *ANY THREE* of the articles described, and you can have them FREE simply by filling in and posting the Coupon hereunder.

The Free Manual of "HAIR-DRILL" will be sent in all cases in addition.

CHOOSE *YOUR* 3 FREE HAIR TOILET PREPARATIONS

1 "HARLENE" FOR THE HAIR

Famous for 40 years as being absolutely unequalled for its power to make the hair grow at any age, for the freshness, youthful lustre and healthy beauty it creates and maintains in the hair, and for its rapid "tonic"—even champagne-like—action on the hair and scalp, revitalising "sleeping" hair cells, stopping the hair falling out on brush or comb, preventing the formation of scurf, etc. Equally good for men and women. The time required is only two minutes a day. Further supplies from all chemists at 1/1½, 2/9 and 4/9 per bottle.

2 "UZON" BRILLIANTINE

(For ladies and gentlemen.) One of the Toilet Luxuries of the century which is surprisingly economical to use. A few drops make "all the difference" to the coiffure and add a touch of real distinction. Of special benefit to all who have a tendency to hair and scalp "dryness." Future requirements from chemists in bottles at 1/1½ and 2/9.

3 "CREMEX" SHAMPOO POWDER

The most perfect wet Shampoo ever compounded. Cleanses the hair and scalp, thoroughly removing all grease, dust, scurf, etc., "toning-up" the scalp, invigorating the hair, and leaving a deliciously cool and refreshing sensation after use. "CREMEX" brings out, too, in full beauty, the artistic lights and shades of the hair. Ideal for preparing the hair for waving. Further supplies from chemists in boxes of 7 Shampoos, 1/6. Single Packets 3d. each.

4 "HARLENE" HAIR FIXATIVE

(For gentlemen.) A great popular success and indispensable to men who desire to appear at all times "well groomed." Not only "fixes" the hair as brushed without greasiness or stickiness, but imparts a most attractive lustre and brightness. Enables you to go through the whole day as neat and trim as though you had just come from a fashionable hairdresser. Of great value to men who go in for athletics. Further supplies from chemists at 1/3 per bottle.

5 "HARLENE" WAVE-SETTING LOTION

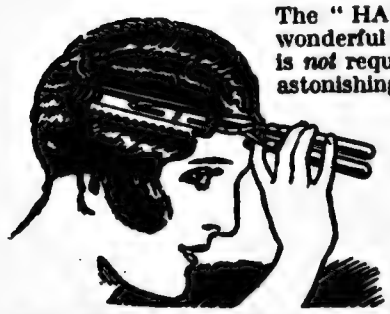
This truly remarkable lotion was first perfected for use as an adjunct to the "HARLENE" Home Hair Waver and has been found extraordinarily successful in "setting" waves and curls so that they remain unaffected by fog, mist, damp, and even sea air. Also keeps unruly "ends" of hair perfectly in place, thus giving the hair a "finished" and "dressy" appearance at all times. Further supplies from chemists at 1/3 per bottle.

6 "ASTOL" FOR GREY HAIR

Restores the colour to Grey, White or Faded Hair. Has been used by countless thousands who, to-day, look many years younger than their actual age. "ASTOL" is very pleasant to use—stimulating, delicate and refined—and, is not a dye or stain. This preparation is equally suitable for ladies as for gentlemen. Regular prices 3/- and 5/- per bottle from all chemists.

THE "HARLENE" HOME HAIRWAVER

(*Patent Pending*) (*Reg. No.* 26536/26).



The "HARLENE" Home Hair Waver is a most wonderful invention. Anyone can use it. Electricity is *not* required. It is not only easy to handle, but astonishingly rapid, and gives that "Bond Street" side-sway to the waves which is the pride of the expert professional coiffurist. Used in conjunction with "HARLENE Hair-Drill" preparations, it enables you to wave your own hair at home *at much less than one quarter of the usual waving costs.* And the price of this wonderful waver is only **2/6.** (See Coupon.)

40th Anniversary "Harlene"

GIFT COUPON

To EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20/26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—I wish to avail myself of your 40th ANNIVERSARY GIFT OFFER. The Preparations I have chosen are:—

No..... No..... No.....

Also send me a FREE COPY of the "HARLENE" Hair-Drill Manual. I enclose 4d. stamps to cover cost of postage and packing.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above.

(Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

If you desire the New "HARLENE" HOME HAIR WAVER to be included, simply ask for same on the sheet bearing your name and address, and enclose extra postal order for 2/6—i.e., 2/10 in all—made payable to Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., and crossed /and Co./.

JOHN BULL. 24/9/27.

Take your Hall's Wine to-day

Hall's Wine makes rich red blood and its benefits are felt throughout the entire system. From the first dose it will put new life into you. A short course of Hall's Wine will thoroughly build you up.

Hall's Wine

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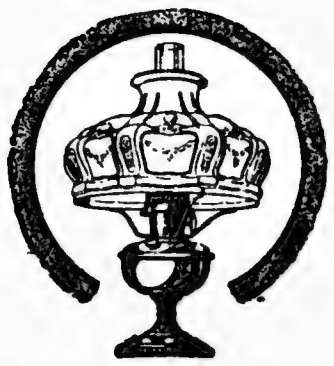
LARGE BOTTLE 5/6

Of all Wine Merchants, and Grocers and Chemists with Wine Licences.

Stephen Smith & Co., Ltd., Bow, London, E.3. 325 A.



Most people miss most of the sunlight. There isn't very much of it, and what there is generally disappears before 'knocking-off' time! But the remedy is to have an Aladdin Lamp in your home. The light it gives is the next best thing to daylight—it is *unsurpassed by any other form of artificial lighting.* It has an incandescent mantle but burns ordinary paraffin, without pumping or pressure, at a cost of less than a farthing an hour. No smoke or smell. Just a wonderful diffused 80 c.p. light. The standard table model costs but two guineas (shade 6/- extra). See one at your ironmonger's to-day.

Aladdin

INCANDESCENT PARAFFIN LAMPS

Write for particulars and for your county list of stockists to: Aladdin Industries, Ltd., 424 Aladdin House, 118 Southwark Street, S.E.1

West-End Showrooms: 48 Mortimer Street (near Oxford Circus), W.1. Paris: 8 rue d'Abukir

Our Letter Parliament

Trapped in a Circle

Fliers and Miners—Drink and "Dole"—Housing Ban

MR. ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT'S splendid article, "The Snail's St. Leger" (JOHN BULL, September 10), has met with my hearty approval. I venture to carry the matter somewhat further. My occupation as a traveller brings me in touch with the British workman in many ways, and leaves no doubt in my mind that the present-day abuse of football is a primary cause of the slackness. The conversation of the working class as a rule is entirely confined to the subject. Never do you hear trade possibilities broached, or, indeed, anything relative to the advance of labour.—*Well Wisher, Bristol.*

Up to Us!

All right-thinking people will readily endorse the opinion of Mr. A. F. Holt on the secret of America's prosperity. If England is to maintain her honour and prestige as a nation it will largely depend on British working men. The American working man realises that larger output means more prosperity all round, and the time is long overdue when British working men should understand that greater production would mean greater prosperity.—*J. H. F., London.*

Work for Nothing

While agreeing with most of what Mr. A. F. Holt writes regarding the lack of ambition to earn more on the part of the British workman, I think he has forgotten to mention one of the chief reasons why this ambition is so lacking. I refer to what is known as the "vicious circle." As soon as the worker commences to earn more, the producers of other commodities immediately raise their prices, and in the end he is no better off than formerly.—*R. W., Preston.*

A Fools' Game

Apropos Mr. A. F. Holt's telling article, it would seem that sensible men are coming to see that "ca' canny" is a fools' game, telling against the workman more than the employer. A large building contractor recently told the writer that there is a distinctly better spirit to-day, showing that the old British sturdiness is reasserting itself. Pulling one's weight means more work and more money for the conscientious triers. Restriction of output ranks with heavy taxation as a brake on the wheel of industry.—*J. J. A., Birmingham.*

"Obliging" Grabbers

If a man has conscientiously worked his alloted hours for the week, he is quite justified in "seeing the match" without reproach. Such a man lives and lets live. Unless we have a limit to working hours, some grabbers would be "obliging" the employer altogether and incidentally "obliging" their fellow-man by keeping him on the streets.—*Withicus, Stockport.*

No Shirker

Mr. A. F. Holt makes a queer comparison between the British and American workman. In the first place, ask a British workman to work until four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and be willing to pay him reasonably for such overtime, then there would be no refusals or excuses. Secondly, Mr. Holt has quoted an individual case of a British workman who had no desire to earn an extra ten shillings weekly as he was already satisfied. Why? I can quote numerous cases where upwards of twelve extra hours per week are being made without either fee or reward. Ask an American to do this, and what would be the result?—*C. B. G., Ilkeston.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Give Us the Chance!

There are thousands of us—not on the "dole"—who would sell our very souls to change places with those who have work and will not put their heart in it. No trade unionist would ever prevent us from working harder and earning more. Yet those bloodsuckers who led the general strike were reinstated, while we—God help us!—*Starving, Nottingham.*

Not Encouraging

"The Snail's St. Leger" interests all railway shopmen at Swindon. The Great Western said, "We want more output, will you give it?" We did. Now we are told, "We are spending too much money on repairs," and the company insists on cutting piecework prices to the extent of 10s. to 15s. per week for skilled men. They want the same amount of work at 15 per cent. less cost. What must we think?—*Locomotive Erector, Swindon.*

The Biggest Fraud

Mr. E. Rolfe Thompson's article, "Help Yourself to Money" (JOHN BULL, September 10), effectively exposes one of the biggest frauds ever practised on the long-suffering British public. Involving as it does millions of pounds of hard-earned cash, I cannot understand why it has been left to JOHN BULL and Mr. Thompson to dispense the help and advice necessary to force the companies involved to disgorge that which certainly doesn't belong to them.—*G. A. B., Bristol.*

The Key Problem

Now that Lord Cecil is free to work for peace he must be backed up. He has shown that the present Government cannot be relied on to make peace progress. Every elector who recognises the greatest need in the world can help in returning at the coming election a Government that will. Surely little thinking is required to understand that this great question is the key to all the other problems still disturbing world-wide affairs.—*J. D. C., Yorks.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-Crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"HOME CHAT": "Mix the cornflour with a little cold water, and stir it over the fire UNTIL IT IS COLD."

"NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH": "A consignment of red deer calves has been exported abroad. One of these was PURE WHITE with touches of BLACK."

"LLANELLY STAR": "On Tuesday, at the Market Hall —— will juggle HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR.

"MORNING POST": "'Buses and trams splashed valiantly through the water. Some of them were ANKLE DEEP in water."

"BETTY'S PAPER": "Carelessly she had thrown herself back, her SILKEN-CLAD EYELIDS closed in sheer tired abandon."

"DAILY NEWS": "Even the old farmhouse was altered. . . . There was a garage and wireless IN EVERY BEDROOM."

"EVENING EXPRESS": "Sun eclipse to turn NIGHT INTO DAY."

Only Miners!

Lost Atlantic fliers, who were offered a prize that miners could not earn by the sweat of their brows in a lifetime, had the whole front page of a paper describing their fate. Yet in an obscure corner of the same paper three lines described the death of some miners who had lost their lives while working in the pits. Why such distinction between heroes who pay the final penalty?—*F. G. T., London.*

Ominous Figures

From Armistice day, 1918, to December 31, 1925, the adult population of Great Britain spent £2,450,000,000 in the purchase of intoxicating liquors. For the same period the total out-of-work and unemployment grants were nearly £301,000,000. The latter expenditure has evoked much criticism, but the vastly greater expenditure on drink has passed almost unchallenged.—*E. H., Lincoln.*

The Fatal Ban

Building societies are doing good work amongst those classes able to take advantage of whatever benefits they offer, but the "under-dog" workman is still left out. Will someone start a society that will advance money for the purchase of a house right from the first penny? Very few workmen have the £25, £50 or £100 necessary to make a building society feel that it is fully secured.—*C. G., Bootle.*

Another Ring

Many complaints are levelled against bricklayers laying down the law as to what they will do or will not do, but in East Kent the Master Builders' Association has agreed not to tender for any job asked for by an architect who is not a member of the Architects' Society. These obstacles certainly stifle any opposition, and another form of ring against the homeless is made.—*A. N., Aston.*

Denied the "Dole"

It seems strange that the State compels employers to stamp insurance and unemployment cards, and fails to function in its own department. Afforestation workers employed by the State are not compelled to pay for unemployment stamps; they are regarded as agricultural workers. It seems a shame that these men, who work for a meagre wage in all sorts of weather in bleak places, cannot draw the "dole" when they leave that class of employment.—*H. G., Briton Ferry.*

Canada's Queues

Mr. Baldwin, since his return from Canada, has made statements and given the impression that he has been trying to get off his hands as many of the unemployed of Great Britain as he could by sending them to Canada. Mr. Baldwin ought to visit Canada in the winter and see the "bread lines" in the cities. Last winter thousands of men were out of work. I could not get a job of any description. Men queued up daily for bread from the Salvation Army, etc. Thousands would return, but they are destitute.—*F. H., Hartlepool.*

Train Ambulances

In "Letter Parliament" of September 10, "J.L., Gainsborough," suggests that it is time that all trains should be equipped with ambulance outfits. For the last dozen years, all guards' vans on passenger trains have been equipped with a set of tools, fire bucket and fire extinguisher, besides a well-stocked ambulance box.—*L. M. S., Forfarshire.*

for better wireless

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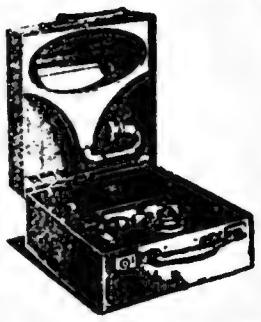

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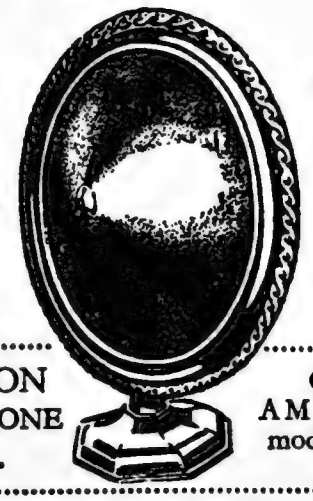

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We have specialised in every form of L.F. amplification, and our reputation for L.F. Transformers is world wide. Our new General Purpose Transformer ratio 4 to 1—is a really efficient product at a popular price. Windings sectionalised by a special process—self-capacity extremely low. Fitted in a pressed steel shroud, high-class cellulose finish.

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INSIST upon getting Triotron Valves from your local dealer. Do not allow him to tell you that a cheaper Valve is just as good, or that a high priced Valve is better. There are only two or three Valves in the whole world old at twice or three times the price which are equal, but certainly not superior, to Triotron Valves.

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The filament which works without glow. The special coating of this filament arising from an entirely new process ensures results seven times superior to the usual Tungsten Thorium filament. In addition, the low working temperature gives unequalled long life.

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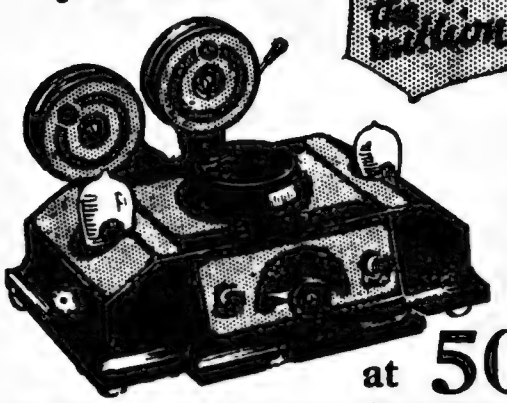

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GREYHOUNDS

Lists and Particulars on Application.

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ABSOLUTE SECURITY,
FAIR DEALING and
PROMPT PAYMENTS
Send your Commissions to

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WHO ARE
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WRITE FOR OUR COUPON.
FIVE LISTS TO PICK FROM.

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THE CUP FINAL
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Full particulars with Coupon.
NOTE.—This is neither
a competition nor a Ballot.

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YOUR WINNINGS
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AND NO DEDUCTIONS WHATSOEVER

RACING AS USUAL.
Daily and Weekly Settlements.
WE NEVER QUIBBLE.
ESTD. 31 YEARS.

ALL OUT FOR CAP-A-PIE

This Week's Races for Stayers—Lord Derby's Gelding for Newbury Cup—Kerosene at Gatwick—First Shots at the Big Double

TWO of this week's races are of particular interest as they should shed a little light on the Cesarewitch crossword puzzle. First, there is the Stayers' Handicap at Gatwick, and later, a more important event, the Newbury Autumn Cup.

I HAVE always considered the Newbury Cup as a first-class test for the Newmarket long-distance race, as both courses are noted for a fine, galloping straight, which finds out the weak points of the non-stayers.

LAST year I put JOHN BULL readers on to Try Try Again for this race, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the mare win at the nice price of 7 to 1. She is entered once more, but I doubt if Mr. Carr will start her, as the event entails a penalty for the Cesarewitch, which is her objective.

HAVING weighed up the handicap pretty carefully, I have decided to take a chance with Lord Derby's Cap-a-Pie. Here again we have the possible winner of the big race at headquarters, but in this case the extra poundage will not matter so much.

CAP-A-PIE'S weight, including a penalty, will be reasonable, and if the gelding were mine I should prefer Tommy Weston—rather than the boy Freeman—in the saddle. The Stanley House apprentice rode a fine race in the Ebor, but the Cesarewitch is a gruelling affair. Yutoi was the last horse to capture both races.

OVER a dozen Cesarewitch horses have accepted for the Stayers' Handicap at Gatwick. I think this event will go to Kerosene, who did not run up to expectations when a red-hot favourite for the Bath Summer Handicap.

AN interesting entry and acceptor in this race is Paris Flight. The gelded son of Rabelais recently captured the Stayers' Handicap at Folkestone in a trot. Myra Gray won the race last year prior to her astounding Cesarewitch victory. W. Stephenson, the north-country light-weight, has been booked to ride Paris Flight at Newmarket.

ASTERUS is at a short price for the Cambridgeshire and is being tipped in some quarters. My French Correspondent advises me that it would be folly to take a price about the horse now, for he is under a cloud, and in any case the Hunt Cup winner has nothing in hand of Banstar.

I HAVE not put up selections for the back-end handicaps so far, but as the horses I fancy are rapidly shortening in price, I suggest the following doubles:

CESAREWITCH.	CAMBRIDGESHIRE.
TRY TRY AGAIN	APELLE
TRY TRY AGAIN	ORBINDOS
CAP-A-PIE	APELLE
CAP-A-PIE	ORBINDOS

I may have to alter my views if anything unforeseen occurs, but I hope for the best.

DRESDEN has disappointed me once or twice this season, but I shall be very surprised if Walter Nightingall does not place her successfully before the curtain comes down. I notice the filly is engaged in the Ifield Selling Plate at Gatwick, and I think we might give her one more chance. I also suggest a little each-way on Fernkloof in the County Nursery.

THE Aga Khan, who spends a fortune annually on the upkeep of his stable and breeding establishment, has had a most disappointing season, but he is usually worth following at Newbury. Hallm won his first race for the Whatcombe stable on the Berkshire course and is engaged in the Highclere Nursery. Pobieda is also in the same race, and whichever runs should be backed. Le Perroquet is a likely long-priced winner, from the same quarter, on Saturday.

The Aga Khan, the owner to follow at Newbury

STILL LIFE—my selection for the Ayrshire Handicap—was a welcome winner at 100 to 8. If they came home at this price every day bouquets would be more plentiful than bricks, but they are not easy to find. However, it gives me heart for tackling the Edinburgh card, and on the second day it does not look very difficult. If Kitchinjunga is sent for the Gold Cup I think the three-year-old will be good enough. Melanesia should win the Levenhall Handicap, and Orrisima the Barnbougle Nursery.

ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD D. Martin is following in father's footsteps. He has his first ride in public at Newbury this week. According to the *Sporting Life*, the youngster goes to scale at 4 st. 10 lbs., but here his dad, E. Martin, the Ogbourne trainer, could give him points. Martin senior first rode at 3 st. 6 lbs., and steered Don Juan to victory in the Cesarewitch of 1883 when only five stone.

AS regards age and weight, D. Martin's appearance on the Turf will not constitute a record. Frank Wootton, who I hope will be as successful in training jumpers as he was in riding winners, was a "jockey" in South Africa at the age of ten. If I remember rightly, Kitchener was 2 st. 7 lbs. when he won the Chester Cup on Red Deer. The horse was handicapped at 4 stone, and the boy had to put up a packet of overweight.

"SILVER RING."

"Soccer" Selections

WEEK-END COUPS.

6 HOME.—Sunderland, Oldham, Darlington, Nelson, Brighton, Southend.
5 HOME.—Oldham, Doncaster, Brighton, Celtic, St. Mirren.
4 HOME.—Sunderland, Wolverhampton, Southend, Celtic.
3 AWAY. — Preston, Hartlepools, Kilmarnock.
3 DRAWS.—Aston Villa v. Bury, Reading v. Stoke, Tranmere v. Bradford.
3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Sunderland, Oldham, Southend, Preston, Swindon.
1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW. — Sunderland, Preston, Charlton v. Queen's Park Rangers.
SPECIAL 5 HOME (League I. and II.)—. Blackburn, Manchester U., Chelsea, Grimsby, Oldham.

FORECASTS FOR OCTOBER 1.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION I.
HOME WINNERS.—Birmingham, Burnley, Huddersfield, Leicester, Liverpool, Middlesbrough, Newcastle.
AWAY WINNER.—Aston Villa.
DRAWS.—Arsenal v. West Ham, Bury v. Sunderland, Tottenham v. Everton.
THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.
HOME WINNERS.—Barnsley, Fulham, Manchester C., Notts Co., Preston, Southampton, Stoke, Swansea, West Bromwich.
AWAY WINNERS.—Notts Forest.
DRAW.—Bristol C. v. Chelsea.
THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (Northern).
HOME WINNERS.—Accrington, Bradford, Chesterfield, Lincoln, Southport, Wigan.
AWAY WINNERS.—Rochdale, Halifax.
DRAWS.—Doncaster v. Darlington, New Brighton v. Tranmere, Wrexham v. Nelson.
THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (Southern).
HOME WINNERS. — Coventry, Exeter, Gillingham, Millwall, Newport, Queen's Park Rangers, Swindon, Watford.
AWAY WINNER.—Brighton.
DRAWS.—Crystal Palace v. Brentford, Norwich v. Southend.
THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
HOME WINNERS.—Dunfermline, Falkirk, Hibernians, Kilmarnock, Queen's Park, Glasgow Rangers.
AWAY WINNERS.—Celtic, Motherwell.
DRAWS.—Clyde v. Cowdenbeath, Hamilton v. Aberdeen.

FOLLOW "KING COB'S"
GREYHOUND SELECTIONS
IN
"The Sporting Life"
2d. Daily.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail, Leeds Mid-day Sporting Special, Birmingham Mail.

3 P X W O V C R M I N J U D

T F G L E Z K S B Q 2 Y A H

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. PUQSLUJ would read FAIRWAY.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, September 21, to Tuesday, September 27.

BET WITH THE BIG TWO!

DAVID COPE
AND
ALFRED H. MAURICE, Ltd.
25, NORTH ALBION ST.,
GLASGOW.

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THE GREYHOUND DERBY
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128 TEAMS. Also 6 Different Lists.
Apply at once for
CHALLENGER (CREDIT) COUPONS
20/- in the £ ALWAYS.

Hot Dogs to Follow

IN these days when the strain of continual running against serious competition is affecting many of the leading dogs throughout the country, it is the opportunity of the lesser fancied animal, a fact that should not be overlooked.

AT Harringay, the new track of the Greyhound Racing Association, it would be as well not to ignore the claims of Mantrap, Odd Bob, Wiry, Millsack, Brass Band and Black Fox, Wiry especially deserving consideration.

WE also advise, at the White City, the consistent following of Hunston Helen, British Ever, Lonely Batchelor, Peach Blossom, Some Good and Spray, for each of these may win at any time.

AT the Manchester Kennels, May Miss, Clare Star, Chiming Bell, Killymoon Sport, Nineteenth Number and Always Playing are rapidly running into form, which makes them a sound proposition in whatever races they are entered.

FROM Dublin we hear good reports of Batchelor Gay, Shooting Forth, Scientific Play, Boyne Battle, Cheap Trip, Sheehan Lass and Golden Glow, all favourites with the Shelbourne public.

ON the "Stanley" track at Liverpool future winners would appear to be Casherdown, Lady Jazz, Walk the Hall, Fearless Laddie and Prize Story.

SIMILARLY at the "Breck" track The Trout, Feale Rover, Ballyshane, who has run 600 yards over hurdles in 35 seconds, Nazda, Wembley Surprise and Bees Balsam.

THERE are several interesting propositions at Leeds, including Bouncing Bess, Springtime, Harrow Boy, Re Rover, White Hawk and Sunshine.

CLASHING ARMS at Burnley has soon borne out our recent anticipations, and will win again very soon. From the same kennels Regular Charm, Tavern Knight, Brave Knight and Master Adams should follow his example.

TRIANGLE OF ERROR, Canadian Girl, Royal Blue and Woolston Bill, at Birmingham, are well in the running for future honours.

MUCH interest is being taken in the forthcoming Yorkshire Championship, for which our contemporary *The Sporting Life* have offered a valuable Challenge Cup.

MANY of the animals in the Leeds, Sheffield and Hull tracks are already preparing for the various heats, with a view to entering the final which will be decided at Leeds.

THE TOTALISATOR

(Founded 1900.)

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Best Market Prices Guaranteed on future events.

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'Phone: Victoria 7924.

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"Bullets" Prize-winners

(*Continued from page 39.*)

T. WINSTANLEY, Daisy Hill, Euxton, Nr. Chorley, Lancs.

CAREFUL DRIVER—"OBSERVER" WHO *Doesn't* "FLY."

50 Prize-winners of £1 :

C. Archer, 11, Kertland St., Savile Town, Dewsbury.
W. Asquith, 79, Burges Rd., Thorpe Bay, Southend.
Miss Avent, c/o 5, Edward Mann Bldgs., Stepney.
W. Baker, 119, Graham Rd., Southampton.
H. Bareham, Pentire, Oakleigh Gdns., Whetstone.
B. Barlow, 28, Cowper St., Ashton-u-Lyne.
Sgt. Booth, 1st Battn., Lincoln Regt., Aldershot.
Miss M. Brown, "Stanbury," Gerard Rd., Rotherham.
L. J. Cahill, 19, West Lea Av., Harrogate.
Mrs. C. M. Carr, 17, Hollins Rd., Harrogate.
A. Clark, 35, East St., Holborn, W.C.
J. A. Dare, 4, Julia Terr., Burnham-on-Sea, Som.
Miss F. Davidson, 2, New Walk, Beverley, E. Yorks.
Mrs. Devlin, 32, Minard Rd., Glasgow.
A. Duff, 180, Tollemache Rd., Birkenhead.
T. Ellis, 20, Gorbutt St., Oldham.
M. Fisher, 24, King Edward Rd., Coventry.
W. Grady, 60, Southcliffe Rd., Carlton, Notts.
W. Granger, 150, Albert Rd., Wellingborough.
A. Hartley, 10, Vernon St., Nelson.
E. Heap, 87, Devonshire St., Accrington.
F. C. Heywood, 24, High St., Ironbridge, Salop.
Miss M. Hill, Chantry Bungalow, Chilton, Sudbury.
C. Hohan, 71, Trevor Rd., Liverpool.
Gnr. W. Johnson, R.A., Spike Island, Ireland.
Mrs. H. Jukes, 8, Dean Rd., Cricklewood, N.W.
J. T. Lodge, 50, Promenade, Southport.
Miss M. Mackie, 319, Maryhill Rd., Glasgow.
E. Mudd, 152, Intake Rd., Fagley, Bradford.
T. W. Portsmouth, 2, Sherborne Rd., Southampton.
H. G. Pound, 106, Hurcott Rd., Kidderminster.
F. Rowe, 9/10, North East Passage, Cable St., E.
C. H. Russell, 2, Hafley Fields, Witney, Oxon.
Miss M. Scott, 30, Bedford Rd., St. Albans.
G. Scott, 54, Recreation Rd., Shortlands, Kent.
T. Shaw, High St., Swainby, Northallerton.
A. Simkins, Pinewood Av., Warrington.
Mrs. A. M. Stanley, 4, Alma Sq., Brooks Bar, M/c.
W. Thomson, 2, West High St., Buckhaven, Fife.
J. E. Tomlinson, 20, Kemple View, Clitheroe.
Mrs. Tostevin, 7, Burnhill Rd., Beckenham, Kent.
Miss M. Tyrrell, 27, Wickham Rd., Brockley, S.E.
G. Upton, 2, Rugby Terr., St. Pauls Av., Nottingham.
W. H. Vaill, Star Cooperage, Cope St., Darlaston.
Mrs. S. Walker, Gift House, Grugan Av., Kinmel Bay.
Miss E. Webster, Headley School, Nr. Newbury.
A. Westerman, 6, Frederic St., Birkenshaw, Bradford.
F. W. Whyld, Charlesworth St., Carr Vale, Bolsover.
L. D. Williams, 12, Southbrook Rd., Lee, S.E.
Mrs. Wood, 38, Heppleton Rd., New Moston, M/c.

50 Prize-winners of 10s. :

G. Bascombe, The Cottage, Millbank St., Northam, Southampton; W. J. Bell, 59, Earls Rd., Whitehaven; J. Bowen, R.A.F. Base, Calafrana; F. H. Bralley, 839, Chesterfield Rd., Sheffield; Mrs. Broad, Birdwood Churcham, nr. Gloucester; W. T. Cooper, 177, Regen Rd., Fenton; T. Edwards, 168, Earlsdon Av., Coventry; A. Elliott, Embercourt Rd., Thames Ditton; Mrs. Faichney, c/o Mrs. Touse, Heath View, Storrington; W. Gallagher, 31, Orchard Row, Londonderry; H. W. Geary, 172, Rushby Mead, Letchworth; Mrs. S. Gittoes, Little Croase, Luston; Mrs. M. Gordon, 102, Halton Mans., Canonbury, N.; W. G. Goss, Quakers Lane, Potters Bar; J. W. Hargreaves, 23, Mornington Rd., Sale; S. C. Hart, 47, Heronsgate Rd., Wanstead Park; A. Hough, Ivyholme Cottage, Ivy Lane, Macclesfield; G. Howell, 40, Rosebank Rd., Hanwell, W.; Miss M. Jenson, 6, Clifton Terr., Kenilworth; W. A. Jones, 42, Verena Terr., Perth; T. R. Kirby, 129, Blythe Rd., Kensington, W.; Mrs. Kirk, 112, Dovecot St., Stockton-on-Tees; C. W. Law, South Ockendon, Romford; J. Lennox, 8, Crawford St., Burnbank, Hamilton; Mrs. A. Lewis, 21, Broadway, Blackpool; R. Mackie, 218, Parliamentary Rd., Glasgow; Miss Mariand, 141, Lorne St., Farnworth, Lancs.; G. Middleton, 35, Crofts Rd., Keuton, Harrow; S. Mitton, 101, Old Christchurch Rd., Bournemouth; A. W. Mockett, c/o 76, High St., Rochester; Mrs. E. Moseley, Northbrook Cottage, Goring-by-Sea; W. N. Murray, 17, Trinity St., Hawick; G. Noble, 30, Portland Pl., Hamilton; J. H. Paddock, 3, Rafter Av., Bootle; Mrs. A. D. Pollard, 2, Somerset Av., Chorley; G. Pope, 26, Lodge Rd., Wallington, Surrey; T. Pugh, 10, Milton Terr., Ross, Herefordshire; J. Roche, "The Bryn," Godfrey Rd., Newport Mon.; A. Shann, 11, Normanton Pl., Holbeck, Leeds; W. Skewley, 1, Beach Cliff, Esplanade, Penarth; A. Smith, 125a, Granby Rd., Eltham; E. Smithson, 15, Broomfield Av., Palmers Green; C. Steane, 68, Casewick Rd., West Norwood; Mrs. E. Tonn, 419, North End Rd., Walham Green; A. Toope, Whitchurch, Tavistock; A. Turner, Edenhurst, Whiston Grove, Rotherham; R. J. Webb, 5a, Southey St., Hyson Green, Nottingham; R. Williams, Newton St., Kilbirnie, Ayrshire; Mrs. Wood, 57, Russell St. Sheerness; Miss M. York, 15, Chepstow Rd., Leicester.

A Complete List of 200 5/-, and 500 2/6 Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 652.

INDUSTRIAL PEACE	HER HANDICAP
REGRETTED	UPSIDE DOWN
LIKE A DOG	IN THE WINDOW
FATHER KNOWS	AN HONEST MAN
BIG DRAW	NEIGHBOUR'S PIANO
CLEVERLY	WHEN I MARRY
TOO YOUNG	CAN'T UNDERSTAND
SERIOUS BUSINESS	WHY
SIMPLE	PLEASING THOUGHT
COLD WATER	WITH A ROAR
	WHAT ARE TEARS?

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on page 39, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6.** All coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **652** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed to "Bullets" No. 652, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.). Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 651.

The original Cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 642 will be displayed in the window of Mr. E. HAPPER, 161, Carlton Road, Nottingham.

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READ THIS!

Smashing Rheumatic Recovery

Mr. W. Diver Swan, of 19, Bath Terrace, Newington Causeway, London, S.E., writes :

"Three and a half years ago was stricken with Rheumatism—not able to use my hands—couldn't walk without crutches, lent by Vicar of St. Andrew's Church. Last resource purchased some ASPRO—result, first day had good night's rest, continued treatment, 6 tablets per day, and was able to walk with one crutch, at the end of the second week dispensed with second crutch. Now can walk free from pain."

The chemist who sold Mr. Swan the ASPRO was Mr. Bennett, of 79, Union Road, Newington Causeway, London, S.E.

ASPRO certainly is a puzzle to the man in the street. Its claims are varied and its uses numerous. So many astonishing testimonials, however, have been received for help which has been given in cases of complaints OUTSIDE ITS GENERAL CLAIMS that it is deemed necessary to explain more fully to the public how ASPRO acts on the system and how so many beneficial results are obtained. Investigation has proved :

1. That ASPRO after liberation in the system is a solvent of Uric Acid and therefore an antidote for complaints arising from this cause.
2. That ASPRO after liberation in the system is an undoubted germicide—therefore of tremendous value in all complaints of a feverish nature and of germ origin.
3. That ASPRO after liberation in the system is an antiseptic for internal use, cleansing and freshening up the system.

Thus it will be seen that ASPRO satisfies in its action two schools of medical thought, that working (as is evidenced in the case of Rheumatism) on Uric Acid cause, and that working on a cause of germ origin. ASPRO after absorption by the system is both a germicide and a solvent of Uric Acid. It therefore becomes obvious that its beneficial uses for Rheumatism and kindred complaints are based on very strong evidence fully justifying the testimonials being received.

FACTS ESTABLISHED BY AN EXHAUSTIVE SCIENTIFIC EXAMINATION OF ASPRO TABLETS

The tablets were treated so as to correspond in character with tablets ingested into the system, and the following results were obtained :

1. It acts as a distinct and definite solvent of Uric Acid.
2. It is a powerful germicide. Liquids containing mould spores and bacteria were treated with ASPRO and kept for 5 to 7 days under conditions which were identical with those under which the same liquids without treatment were kept. Fermentation where sugar was present, and moulding and other decompositions took place in the latter, WHILST THE TREATED SAMPLES WERE FOUND TO BE UNCHANGED, except that they were sterile, the GERMS HAVING BEEN DESTROYED.
3. It is a sufficiently powerful antiseptic to keep liquids containing organic matter from contamination. Sterilised liquids treated with ASPRO remained sterile after five days exposure to the atmosphere in unscorked bottles.

There is, therefore, no doubt that ASPRO, as ingested, is a solvent for Uric Acid, a powerful germicide, and a powerful antiseptic.

ASPRO consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

ASPRO Brings Definite Relief in Five to Ten Minutes for

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Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

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LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

Cuticura Treatment For Dandruff

Part the hair and gently rub in Cuticura Ointment until the whole scalp has been treated. Let the Ointment remain on for some time, over night if convenient. Then shampoo with a suds of Cuticura Soap and warm water. (Do not rub Soap on the hair.) Rinse thoroughly. A light application of Cuticura Ointment to the scalp between shampoos is often beneficial.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

ANXIOUS PARENTS Banish Colds Catarrh and 'Flu with 'Nostroline'

Growing children are particularly liable to Colds. Crowded classrooms, damp feet and sudden chills play havoc with a child's constitution—unless you insist on 'Nostroline' daily. A touch of pleasant antiseptic 'Nostroline' inside the nose protects, soothes and heals from nostril to lung. 'Nostroline' guards the ever-open door against disease germs. Make your little ones safe. Make them use 'Nostroline' daily. Use it yourself at the first sign of a coming cold. Get a 1/3 'Nostroline' straightaway. Your Chemist has it. Insist on 'Nostroline.

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"John Bull" readers who have already used IRAY for Sore Eyes, Styes, Ulcerated and Running Eyes, Weak Sight, etc., testify that IRAY DOES CURE even after 30 years of suffering and they recommend it to you. IRAY, the safe eye remedy, is only 2/6 per bottle, post free, and is guaranteed to cure—OR IT COSTS YOU NOTHING. Get it to-day—at once—and have clean healthy eyes. Obtainable only from

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At all Chemists 1/3 & 3/-

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ADDS BEAUTY TO SHINGLED HAIR.

Shingled hair, to be really beautiful, must be soft, glossy, luxuriant, and free from greasiness and dandruff. The surest, safest and quickest way to get this kind of hair is to rub Lavona Hair Tonic into the scalp every night. In the first place, this remarkable preparation at once destroys the dandruff germ so that all dandruff disappears. Secondly, it feeds and strengthens the hair roots, thus creating that soft, silky luxuriance so much desired but so seldom seen. If you have hair trouble of any kind, or if your hair is not all that you wish it to be, get a 1s. 6d. bottle of Lavona Hair Tonic of your chemist to-day. Use it as directed, and you'll be astonished at the wonderful improvement it quickly makes.

JOHN BULL Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

* * *

L. T. (Twyford).—"I got married this summer." What summer?

H. B. (Preston).—"My dog will fetch £10 any day." We'd let it—every day.

PRISSIE (Sydenham).—"Ours was a runaway match." How far did he get?

L. B. (Wigan).—"I live at Wigan." Well, well. We suppose somebody has to.

D. H. (Dulwich).—"You may think me a fool." We gladly avail ourselves of your permission.

T. Y. (Matlock).—"He says his word is as good as his bond." Insist on having his bond.

H. M. (Deal).—"He kissed me suddenly." He thought it was suddenly, you mean.

P. T. (Chelsea).—"I went to a football match last Saturday." That should give the season an encouraging start.

A. W. (Gore).—"I don't write to anybody but you." We're sorry if we've offended you in some way.

L. T. (Chenies).—"I don't believe in idle rumours." Neither do we. No rumours are idle.

R. T. (Weymouth).—"I am tired of writing to you." We had scarcely dared to hope this.

D. M. (Fernwood).—"A woman's evening dress seems to stay up without any visible means of support." So does the price of it.

F. M. V. (Highgate).—"Are football referees poorly paid?" No, but they have to whistle for their money.

F. M. (Chelsea).—"A bachelor goes to parties with pleasant anticipation." A married man goes with his wife.

L. T. (Brixton).—"The audience sat open-mouthed when I was performing my conjuring tricks." All yawning?

MYRA (Kennington).—"I want a husband who will be easily pleased." That's the sort you'll get.

G. J. (Mayfair).—"I've bought a two-seater on the instalment plan." We trust you won't drop it along the road on the same system.

L. T. (Edmonton).—"I've had a nervous breakdown. Will you send me a tenner?" No. Your nerve is all right.

G. H. (Brixton).—"I know you wonwin't care to print this letter in full." You're right. Why should we make enemies of our readers?

ELSIE (Goole).—"I opened the cupboard and was amazed to find my evening dress had disappeared." Probably a thmo had had it for supper.

SHADY company-promoters, blood-sucking Shylocks and rogues of all sorts hate JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service like poison. Why? Because the advice given has saved hundreds of readers from falling into their clutches. Before swallowing any bait offered, send particulars (written in ink), enclosing stamped, addressed envelope. You will be freely advised as to the course to pursue, to your material advantage.

G. K. (Liverpool).—"Are kitten skins any good?" Certainly; to keep kittens in.

F. M. (Bognor).—"The eyes reflect the mind." Not always. Many girls have bright eyes.

A. W. I. (Isleworth).—"I'm married now and done with folly." "By," you mean, don't you?

G. H. (Rothesay).—"It's very difficult to play the bagpipes." It's a pity it isn't impossible.

G. G. (Luton).—"And what, I ask, is theory?" The thing that practice upsets.

MRS. B. (Carlisle).—"I was a fool when I married him." Perhaps he hoped you would improve.

W. H. (Appleby).—"A man can't expect to keep a job if he's always behind." Unless he's a railway guard.

D. P. (Preston).—"Thank goodness, my brain cells work." But does your brain work sell?

"DISGUSTED" (Burnley).—"What will the girl of eighteen be in ten years' time?" Twenty-eight!

VICTOR J. (Bradford).—"As a very modern young man I prefer long hair." Then why don't you grow it?

F. J. (Bedford).—"Builders seldom live in their own houses." Possibly they can't afford the rent.

JACK M. (Manchester).—"I hate girls who practise that touch-me-not air." Yet it may be merely kindness to warn you from fresh paint.

J. K. L. (Loughborough).—"The world is full of new and horrible noises." Tut, tut! The pantomime songs are not in rehearsal yet, are they?

F. F. S. (Rushden).—"It's two years since I wrote, and what do you think I have been doing all that time?" Two years!

G. H. (Margate).—"I can't think why people flock to cinemas." Some to sleep, others to court, and the rest to practise reading aloud.

G. M. (Garforth).—"My son is a brilliant scholar, but I'm content to be a plain old farmer." You make hay while the son shines.

MRS. T. (Lancaster).—"Mothers should always promise their little boys something if they do as they are told." Or if they don't.

ELSIE (Willesden).—"I enclose a splendid photograph of myself taken with my new camera." Nothing could be plainer.

JOHN H. (Maida Vale).—"One night I had to bath the baby." Let us hope the infant won't remember and cherish a grudge.

GERTIE (Hampstead).—"I have a proposal to make." We've thrust your letter into the nerveless hand of the senior bachelor member of the staff.

L. C. (Conway).—"I sent a sheet to the laundry and they sent a handkerchief back." It was probably the sheet. They have wonderful shrinking machines nowadays.

N. H. (London, E.C.).—"If I were to start from London and continue travelling in a straight line I would eventually arrive back in London." Yes, that's just the trouble.

T. E. (Woking).—"These jokes should go." They did. Back.

A. N. (Broadstairs).—"What is woman's sphere?" The whole earth.

H. G. (Hammersmith).—"I tell my wife I cannot face the bills she runs up." Possibly she only wants you to foot them.

MISS M. (Ponders End).—"Even vegetables have senses." True; onions smell.

MISS D. (Cardiff).—"We had a party of fifty in our house on my birthday." A he or a she?

MRS. F. (Swansea).—"He spends all his time drinking whisky like water." That's the only kind obtainable to-day.

MRS. S. (Castleton).—"We women try to pull together." Especially when there's another woman to pull to pieces.

E. F. (Leeds).—"Scientists say that men came from jellyfish." And some haven't come very far.

J. T. (Plymouth).—"I know how to cook tripe." We are not surprised. You write it very easily.

A. R. (Chiswick).—"My neighbour plays the ukulele." We don't see what you can do. It's not a notifiable disease.

D. H. (Egham).—"She is very pretty, but has an acid tongue." A combination of peach and lemon.

H. M. (Aldershot).—"I frequently find myself in hot water." Your geyser must be working well.

F. N. (Victoria).—"I have been away from London all the summer." A day excursion, evidently.

D. E. (London, E.).—"I mean to rise and shine." Why not? The other bootblacks do.

M. V. (Chester).—"Do many people ask you silly questions?" Yes, and that's one more.

L. D. (Cheam).—"How are you getting along?" On two feet, then train, 'bus, lift, and there we are in our chair.

T. E. (Egham).—"My fountain-pen is not in very good order." It's full of rubbish, judging by the words that leak out of it.

B. P. (Rochester).—"She is very particular about getting shoes that fit her." Most girls get shoes a size smaller than that.

MRS. E. SMITH (1, Randolph Street, Carlton Road, Nottingham).—"The First Prize coupon in *Bullets* No. 648 was entered in my maiden name (C. Chapman) by my son." Good boy!

L. P. (Jarrow).—"We engaged a servant and what do you think she wanted?" A reference for her next job?

MRS. L. (Manchester).—"Our doctor always treats his patients, even the poorest, like his best friends." Well, aren't they?

MRS. R. (Nottingham).—"It was catch-as-catch-can at our church jumble sale, and not always to the most needy." That was better than being scratch-as-scratch-can to the most speedy.

M. H. (Leeds).—"Information bureaux are useless; you can't get any information out of them." You seem to have got out of them the information that you can't get anything out of them, anyway.

A. Y. (Reading).—"How can I become a proficient book-keeper?" Never lend them.

T. A. (Chertsey).—"I agree with everything my wife says." What an annoying man you must be.

B. K. (Brecon).—"Some of the popular songs have feeble tunes." Still, the words are quite appropriate.

A. N. L. (Chesham).—"I bid 1s. for the piano." That would give the auctioneer a start all right!

L. A. (Predwell).—"I play the harp in the evening." Perhaps you're right. You may not get a chance later.

A. B. (Elgin).—"He wants me to put some money in a fire-lighter factory." Be careful you don't get your fingers burnt.

N. T. (Amersham).—"If my letter is out of order ring me up on the telephone." That's out of order, too.

L. P. W. (Waring).—"My child has a mania for tearing buttons off people's clothes." A laundry career is indicated.

T. L. (Herne Bay).—"I am sending you the material for you to put together." There isn't enough material to make a pair of spats for our canary.

T. N. (York).—"Why does a clergyman say 'dearly beloved brethren' and not refer to the sisters?" Because the brethren embrace the sisters.

R. N. (Torquay).—"My sweetheart says he is overjoyed at the prospect of marrying the prettiest girl in the world." Are you sueing him for breach of promise?

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

SAFE AND SURE

RADIO VALVES

WITH THE MULLARD LABEL

This label is a practical and definite expression of confidence. You will find it with every Mullard PM Valve with the wonderful PM Filament. Look for it; it is your assurance of perfect radio reception.

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SAFEGUARDING GIRLHOOD

Mothers are often perplexed at the distressing languor that affects their daughters in their teens, and are at a loss to know what to do. This languor is almost invariably due to anæmia, and is usually accompanied by breathlessness, palpitation, dizziness, headache and back pains. Many a girl's health has been undermined by anæmia. She grows pale, has no energy, lacks an appetite, is often depressed and found crying. When a girl reaches this state she is in serious danger of a decline.

Mothers should watch closely for these symptoms of anæmia in their daughters, and at the first sign should give them Dr. Williams' pink pills. These pills quickly and effectively make rich red blood, to the lack of which anæmia and all its miseries are due.

So if your daughter is anæmic, lose no time, but give her Dr. Williams' pink pills at once. You will be delighted with the rapid improvement in her health. All chemists sell Dr. Williams' pink pills 3s. 9d. box—nothing else will do.

FREE. A booklet of great interest to all girls and women, "Nature's Warnings," will be sent free to all who write to C.H. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

Here is the POWDER to suit YOU—

No longer need you search for a powder to suit your skin and your complexion too. In POUDRE TOKALON you will find it. The *Mousse of Cream* that is so scientifically blended into POUDRE TOKALON will freshen your skin. It will prevent a shiny nose and greasiness — it will ensure that the powder clings, in rain or shine, outdoors or in. And in the wide variety of shades in which POUDRE TOKALON is made you will find just the right one to suit your complexion.

Society women, stage celebrities—all those women whose complexions must be youthful, use POUDRE TOKALON. It is now more used than any other powder. It is so light that it is impossible to detect it on the face. All that is noticed is the delightful bloom it gives and the faint elusive fragrance of its delicate scent.

Use this harmless powder, this powder which prevents roughness and wrinkles, this powder which suits all skins and all complexions. POUDRE TOKALON, though better, costs but a shilling a box. Or, in fashionably thin, dainty gilt Compacts (Refill type) with secure "Spring Button" catch that opens at a touch, complete with mirror and puff for 1/6.

Refills 9d. each including new puff.

To-day—safeguard and beautify your skin—get Poudre Tokalon.

POUDRE TOKALON

The Mousse of Cream Face Powder

"The Greatest of These . . . ."

Agony Under Canvas

An Old Soldier's Appalling Plight

CAMPING is a pleasant way of spending a summer holiday, but there are conditions under which a camp may become a hell.

From 1915 to 1919, a man of fine physique served his country in the Great War, risking his life hourly for the defence of his mother land.

From 1919 to 1924, he was rewarded for his war services with a billet as a Government clerk. Feeling secure in this position, he married in 1920, and as time went on four children came to bless the union. The happiness of the couple however, has been short-lived.

An economy axe was swung, and it swept this old soldier, among others, into a half existence, in which, as in a bad dream, the mind is scarcely able to comprehend the bodily condition.

With the exception of a period of a few months in 1925, when a temporary post in a Government Department was found for him, his history after the axe was swung has been one of almost continuous unemployment.

He has been able to find only six weeks of regular work in twenty-two months, and this notwithstanding the fact that he holds excellent testimonials.

The difficulty in finding suitable housing accommodation, and anxiety regarding the state of his wife's health, induced him eighteen months ago to move to a country bungalow in a district in which he hoped he would be able to secure regular work.

His hopes, however, remained unfulfilled, and the family were ejected through inability to pay the rent.

Thus we find them now—man, wife and four little ones—huddled together in an old Army bell-tent which is no longer serviceable and lets in water during rainy weather.

Without pension, unemployment benefit or any other source of income, the poor fellow has had to throw himself upon the tender mercies of the guardians. He has received a little assistance, but quite insufficient.

On more than one occasion the man has trudged fifteen miles there and back to plead with the relieving officer for food for his half-starved little ones, and had to return heavy-hearted and empty-handed.

He has offered his services as clerk, potman, barman, pianist, billiard-marker, porter, messenger, or anything of which he is capable, but the employment exchange cannot find him a post.

The family have been relieved of the pangs of hunger by the "Greatest of These—" Fund. The man wants work. The fund needs money. We look to our readers to supply both.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

A Roman Catholic, £5; Commission 9th, 1s. 6d.; Isewch, 1s.; J. E. S., 1s.; J. S. (Birmingham), 1s.; Mr. A. E. Poyser, 1s.; Mrs. F. E. Hobday, 2s. 6d.; Mr. A. G. E. Gillmer, of Dromahair, 10s.; Dabster (Reading), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Montreal), £1; A. B. G. S., I. S. O., £1 10s.; Snowy (The Lizard), 2s. 6d.; With Love, 1s.; Two Brothers, 25 per cent. of Winnings (Peckham), 4s. 6d.; E. S. C. (Rangoon), 2s.; W. Fox, 1s.; Mr. W. Ward (Colchester), 1s.; M. S., 1s.; f, 1s. 2d.; Anon. (Rushall), 2s.; P. Hoadley (Bournemouth), 4½d.; Mr. P. Carter, 6d.; Mr. Matthews (Bletchingly), 1s.; Mrs. E. Perry, 6d.; C. S. (Glasgow), 1s.; Mr. H. Harsant, 7s.; Mrs. Goddard (Saxmundham), 6d.; Ardent Bulletter (Nott'm), 6d.; T. Bowring (Bournemouth), 6d.; Mr J. Doph (Ledbury), 6d.; Mr. S. Broadhead, 6d.; M. A. H. (Exmor, Somerset), 2s. 6d.

B. B. F., 2s. 6d.; A Poor Scotsman, 6d.; A. C. T., 1s.; Labour Supporter (Southport), 2s. 6d.; H. B. (S.W.5), 1s.; B. (Brighton), 1s. 6d.; 'Arfet and Lazy, 5s.; Mr. G. B Hunger, £2 7s.; Mr. J. W. Le Butt, 5s.; Mr. S. Childs, 5s.; Mr. M. H. Evans (Rowland), 2s. 6d.; Mr. G. F. Baker (Hull), 1s.; Deep Sea, £1; Espero, 6s.; Mary Thompson (Ripon), 5s.; Jessie's Ninth for Luck, 2s. 4d.; Mr. W. Thomson (Methlick), 1s.; Competitor, 2s. 6d.; Mr. A. W. Gowan (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; Hopeful, 6d.; A Little Ninth, 1s. 3d.; M. G. P. (Darwen), 2s. 6d.; F. B. Moville (Toronto), 5s.; Mr. Wm. Mitchell, £1 1s.; E. Appleton (Scarboro'), £2; Mrs. Lily Faichney, 6d.

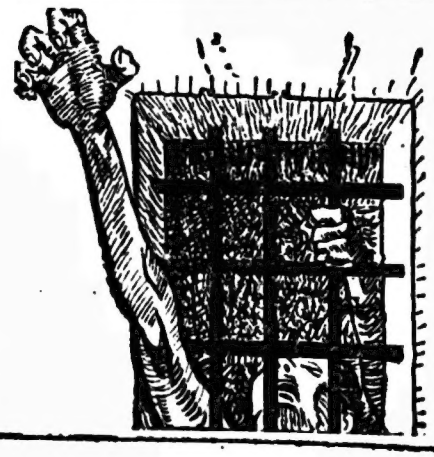
Mr. H. Morin (Blackburn), 1s.; Miss F. Briscoe (Dawley, Salop), 5s.; Mrs. M. Wilkinson (Coventry), 2s. 6d.; A. V. Grimwood (Essex), 5s.; T. J. Lloyd (Llandilo, Carmarthenshire), 2s. 6d.; C. F. Patew (Derby), 6d.; W. Chilton (Birmingham), 2s.; D. Wells (Portsmouth), 2s. 6d.; F. M. S. (Brighton), 4s.; E. S. B. (Slough), 1s.; A Holiday Match (Hastings), 1s. 8d.; Mrs. E. Edwards (Fickstone), 1s.; F. J. Spary (Hamble), £1; Mrs. J. Goodwin (Meopham Green, Kent), 1s.; 6d. Weekly (Hayling), 8s. 6d.; A. W. (Ebbw Vale), 2s.; Shertourne, 2s. 6d.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; A Regular Reader (Sheffield), 2s. 6d.; H. L. D. F., 10s.; A Well Wisher (Scotland), 5s.; A. White (Leigh-on-Sea), 6d.; A Holiday Thank-offering, 2s. 6d.; W. E. Thompson (S.W.17), 1s. 8d.; F. J. S., 5s.; Every Little Helps, 1s.; Anon., 2s.; Mr. D. J. Parfitt (Abertillery), 10s.; D. Brodie (Birkenhead), 2s. 6d.; S. H. Ramdle, 2s. 6d.; Jersey, 2s. 6d.; Jessie (Melton Mowbray), 2s.; R. Johnson (Eddington), 1s. 6d.; Mr. Henry Clark (Emsworth, Hants), 1s.; Mr. A. V. Grimwood (South Ockendon), 10s.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 5s.; Annie Laurie (Leicester), £1; First Ninth (Oldham), 1s. 5d.; Anon., 1s. 2d.; With Love, 1s.; C. E. M., 2s. 6d.; Kindness Passed On, 5s.; The Ninth (Blackburn), 7½d.; Edina, 2s. 9d.; Mr. J. N. Stephen (Mortrose), 1s.; H. S. (Hull), 2s. 6d.; A Friend, 2s. 6d.; 3314 (Londonderry), 1s.; Mrs. A. A. Fraser (Garthlick), 6d.; W. B. G. and A. Smith (Birmingham), 6d.; Edith Perry (Wivelscombe), 3d.; H. B. (S.W.5), 1s.; F. C. L. (Brighton), 5s.; B. (Brighton), 1s. 6d.; Joe (Paisley), 2s. 6d.; S. Wilson-Webb (Colchester), 1s.; F. W. A., £1 1s.; Kim, 2s.; Anon., 1s.; Gratitude (Newbury), 2s. 6d.; Jane (Kettering), 2s. 6d.; E. M. V., 2s.; W. H. Preston (Stirchley, Birmingham), 5s.; Jumpin' Joshua, 2s.; Anon., 1s.; S. A. Neal (Ongar, Essex), 2s.; W. R. T. (Bristol), 5s.; H. C. (Gorleston-on-Sea), 2s. 6d.; F. G. W. (Surrey), 2s. 6d.; R. G. Hill (Southfields), £1; A. V., 1s.; L. E. E. C., 2s. 6d.; "Commission" 9th (Tooting, S.W.17), 2s.; Five, 6d.; Silversand (Lowestoft), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. Blackmore (Ongar, Essex), 5s.; F. A. Lloyd, £1.

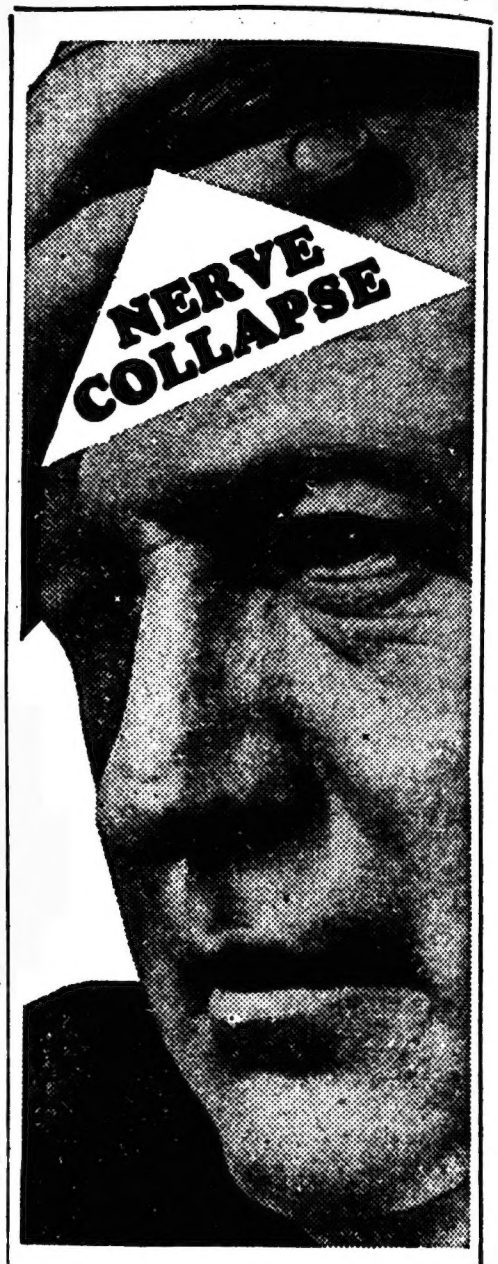
Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from:—Mrs. J. Barker-West (West Ealing), Ex-W.A.A.C., M. C. Tawney (Chobham), Mrs. B. (Nether Somerset), Miss L. Atkins (hand-knitted socks), Mrs. E. Bushnell, Mrs. S. E. May, K. A. B. (magazines), Anon (Richmond), Anon. (Tenbridge), Anon. (Weston-super-Mare), Anon. (Pelverby), Anon. (Huddersfield), Mrs. Hancock (Martlake), Mrs. Benford (Maida Hill), Miss M. Malpass (knitted socks), Mrs. R. Bushnell (Fishponds, Bristol), E. G., Anon. (Southwold), The Moor, Hawshurst.

YOU CAN'T WIN!

By Eddie Guerin

"Eddie Guerin of Devil's Island," bank robber and devil-may-care criminal, is telling the true story of his amazing career every Sunday in "The People." Don't miss next Sunday's thrilling instalment.





This case was serious; Dr. Cassell's soon cured

It is wrong to give up hope. There is a wonderful reserve force even in worn and worried nerves. Read the case of Mr. Boyes: Dr. Cassell's restored his nerves by *nourishment* . . . . the only way. By Hypophosphites for the nerves, special Nutrients for the Blood, Digestive Enzymes and Stomachics to aid appetite and digestion.

". . my nerves were completely shattered"

Mr. T. Boyes, of 10, Nook Lane, Sutton Oak, St. Helens, writes:—"Owing to my war experience in India and Mespot my nerves were completely shattered. After trying all sorts of other remedies without avail, I decided to give Dr. Cassell's Tablets a trial. After the first box, I felt a difference, and now I am completely cured, thanks to Dr. Cassell's."

That is what they will do for you. Start a course of Dr. Cassell's to-day.

DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS

1/3 and 3/- per box

Sole Producers: Veno Drug Co. (1925) Ltd.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 649.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. R. BENTLEY,
133, Bradford Road, Huddersfield.

Example:—How He Got There
Bullet:—Everything He "Pushed"—"Went."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. T. PAGE, 7, Park Row, London, S.E.
Example:—Other People
Bullet:—Happy, So *Mother* Sings.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. J. MORRY, 12, Cable Street, New Cross, Manchester.
Example:—Speechless
Bullet:—Both Wanted To Forgive.

25 Prizes of £10:

F. Bailey, 2, Beech Road, Dartford, Kent.
A Weed—Missing Garden—Slum Baby.

K. Ballantyne, 269, Bernard Street, Bridgeton, Glasgow.
Too Short—Warmonger's *Memory Of Loss.*

Miss M. Chambers, 1, St. Paul's Road, Leicester.
What She Cries For—Caveman—With "Modern Improvements."

Miss N. Doyle, 55, Walford Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham.
Careful Driver—Every Motorist Knows *One.*

Miss E. Eales, "Beech Croft," Neville's Cross, Durham.
How He Got There—Risked Everything He *Hadn't.*

Mrs. H. Garbett, 175, Bedford Street, S. Liverpool.
What The Blackmailer Said—Isn't Told Often Enough.

W. Geary, 172, Rushby Mead, Letchworth, Herts.
Guiding Star—League—Let's Make "Sun."

D. Griffin, 22, Goldsmith Mansions, Peckham, S.E.
What Is Summer?—Truant—*We* Get Punished.

E. Griffith, 2, Sandon Road, Birkdale, Southport.
Speechless—"Horizontal" After The "Bars."

M. Hamer, "Ben Aigen," Woodland Park, Prestatyn, N. Wales.
In Piccadilly—Workmen Giving Autographs Next.

G. W. Hicks, 4, Charles Street, Lincoln.
In Our Village—Telegram, Everybody Gets "Wire."

F. E. Hopkins, 1, West Sandgate, Scarborough.
Speechless—Parents, "Asking For" Trouble.

W. H. Hubert, 7, Baldwin Street, Newport, Mon.
Sorry He Started—Proposing, Accepted Before Finished.

B. S. G. May, 215, Ongar Road, Brentwood, Essex.
With A Grin—Insurance Company Notifies Lapse.

H. W. Moore, 6, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, S.W.
Bright Spot—Darkening House, Father's Nose.

G. T. Neville, 41 Elsinore Road, Forest Hill, S.E.
In Our Village—"A Thirst *Before* Knowledge."

W. H. Ponsford, 27, Stratford Street, Oxford.
Careful Driver—Ensures Ease—Eases Insurance.

R. G. Poulton, 121, Roundhill Road, Kettering.
Bright Spot—Europe—Without "Glittering Prizes."

P. Le Saux, 8, Mill Street, Crewe.
In Piccadilly—"Trenches"—In Whitehall, Reminder."

H. Turner, 47, Silverdale Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.
Guiding Star—Peace, If Nations "Astrosomers."

A. Warren, Senr., 5, Coles Lane, Sutton Coldfield, Warwicks.
Careful Driver—After Rebuilding Garage Twice.

A. Weston, 50, Eastgate, Peterborough.
Giving It Up—As Lost—*Has* Lost.

E. Wicks, 153, Crescent Road, Brentwood, Essex.
All The Year Round—"Jockeys *versus* Racing Press."

F. J. Wilson, 49, Durham Road, North Harrow, Middx.
Poem That Failed—Where Peace Was Sown.

(Continued on page 35.)

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 651.

GLAD TO SEE
PLAIN SPEAKING
WHAT REALLY HAPPENED
MOTHER KNOWS
WITH A BABY
A SCREAM
AFTER THE BURGLARS
HER IDEA
AUTOMATICALLY
A BAD TIME
FAMILY MAN
BREACH OF PROMISE
NOT DONE
DOES ME GOOD
HEARTBREAKING
WHEN CURTAIN RISES
FIRST TRY
IN A CROWD
ON WASHING-DAY
WHAT MATTERS MOST
EVERYBODY'S SAYING
AN OLD FRIEND
CATCHING IT
WITHOUT A FAULT
POPULAR
THE RIGHT GIRL
A SIN
WITHOUT A FUSS
A DIFFERENT STORY
RICH
FOR HER MONEY
WHAT IS PETROL?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 651 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the *Examples* below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Three recent Bullets Prize winners were:—

Example:—Armaments Race — *Bullet*:—"Arrest"—Don't "Run In."
Example:—Young England — *Bullet*:—Our Hope—What's Theirs?
Example:—Making Things Difficult — *Bullet*:—Foreigners "Making Things" Easier.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 651, "John Bull," Long Acre, London W.C.2. (Comp.)

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 29.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(651) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 29.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(651) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 29.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(651) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 29.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(651) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Free Yourself of Rupture Without Pain, Operation or Loss of Time

FOR the benefit of our readers we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing trusses and other painful makeshifts that do not cure.

The Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., gladly send this remarkable Appliance ON TRIAL to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out, and finally cures it entirely.

NO man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain, and discomfort of rupture.

Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss torture that you endure—after you read this page *is your own fault.*

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm trusses are doing. We have told you that the only truly comfortable, sanitary, and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

Now we offer to prove it to you, entirely at our risk. We will send you a Brooks Rupture Appliance *on trial.* If you really want to be rid of your rupture, fill in the coupon below and post it to-day.

Instead of wearing a steel spring or inflexible harness, try the *velvet soft* Brooks Appliance.

Instead of the hard pad of a truss use the *soft rubber automatic air-cushion* of a Brooks Appliance.

The Brooks Appliance clings to you without force, and you are hardly conscious of its presence. And, above all else, it HOLDS ALWAYS.

Within an hour after you receive the Brooks Appliance, if you take advantage of this remarkable trial offer, you will throw away your truss for ever.

Over 253,000 People have accepted this offer. Why not You?

Doesn't that prove that the Brooks Appliance is not an experiment, but a positive success—that it does all we claim for it? Among these 253,000 men, women, and children there must be *hundreds whose condition was identical with yours.* Can you afford not to investigate and satisfy yourself when it costs you nothing to prove what the Brooks Appliance will do for *you?*

This wonderful device is a triumph of scientific and mechanical genius, the result of more than 30 years' experience, and

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured write to-day.

the high percentage of reliefs effected by its use is little short of miraculous.

Many hundreds of physicians and surgeons recommend the Brooks Appliance, and condemn trusses as more harmful and dangerous than any other method of retaining and treating rupture. Thousands of people have written us to testify to the amazing results they have secured from this great invention. Many of these people live in your vicinity, and we shall be glad to send you copies of their thankful letters if you will ask for them when you write.

Men, Women, and Children Find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective.

No matter if your rupture is old and severe, or only recently developed, no matter if you are young or old, you should not fail to profit by this NO-RISK TRIAL OFFER.

No other rupture support, truss, device, pad, or plaster is offered to the public under so broad a guarantee of satisfaction.

If for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep the Brooks Appliance after you try it, send it back. You do not have to give any reason. There will be no question or quibble. There will be no argument, no dispute or misunderstanding.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Accept This Offer.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike ordinary so-called pads, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. Nothing to get foul; it can be washed without any injury.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All materials are the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation is so thoroughly established, and our price so reasonable, our terms so fair, that you should not hesitate to send the free coupon *to-day.*

REMEMBER

We send you the Appliance on Trial to prove that what we say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill in the coupon below, and post to-day to either the Manchester or London address, whichever you like.

If in Manchester or London call at our consulting rooms. Experienced and capable fitters for ladies and gentlemen. Special attention given to children. Lady nurses always in attendance at both offices.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

BROOKS APPLIANCE COMPANY, LTD.,
(387 P), 274, Deansgate, Manchester.
(387 P), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture, and your trial offer.

Name.....

Address .....

Please write plainly. .....

Send the free coupon to either the Manchester or London office whichever is more convenient.

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